A TABLE

Of all the

Letters in this Volume.

SEveral *Letters by the late Earl of* Rochester, *to the Honourable* Henry Savil, *Esq; from* p. 1. *to* p. 50.

The Earl of L——'s *Letter to the Honourable* Algernoon Sidney, p. 51.

Algernoon Sidney's *Letter against Arbitrary Government,* p. 60.

Two Letters by another Hand, to Madam—— *from* p. 67. *to* p. 72.

Love-Letters by Mr. Otway, *from* p. 73. *to* 87.

A Letter from —— *to Mr.* G—— p. 88.

A Letter to the Duke of Vivone, *by the Fam'd Monsieur* Boiliau. *Translated by* Thomas Cheek, *Esq;* p. 91.

A Letter by Mr. Dennis, *sent with Monsieur* Boileau's *Speech to the Academy of* Paris, *upon his Admission,* p. 102.

Monsieur Boileau's *Speech to the Academy. Translated*

me in Materials to compoſe a Second, which is now printed; and, on the Printing the Second, I have procured as many of the Lord *Rocheſter*'s the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Sir *George Etheridge*, which will almoſt make a third Vol. which if I can compleat, it ſhall be publiſh'd next *Trinity-Term*; and therefore thoſe Gentlemen that have any Curious Letters by them, written by thoſe Honourable Perſons, and are willing to oblige the Publick, by letting them come abroad, are deſired to ſend them to me, who will take care to have them faithfully Tranſcrib'd for the Preſs, and Printed in the third Vol. which will be intirely theirs, and no modern one mixt with them.

LIBRARY.
SAM. PEPYS COE.
TRINITY COLLEGE.
DUBLIN.

Familiar Letters:

VOL. I.

Written by the Right Honourable,
John, late Earl of *Rocheſter*,
TO THE
Honourable *Henry Savile*, Eſq;
And other LETTERS by
Perſons of Honour and Quality.

WITH
LETTERS
Written by the moſt Ingenious
Mr. *THO. OTWAY*,
AND
Mrs. *K. PHILIPS*.

Publiſh'd from their Original Copies.

With Modern LETTERS by *THO. CHEEK*, Eſq; Mr. *DENNIS*, and Mr. *BROWN*.

The Second Edition with Additions.

London: Printed by *W. Onley*, for *S. Briſcoe*, and are to ſold by *R. Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*. 1697.

62
TRINITY COLLEGE
LIBRARY

The Table of Contents.

ſtated by Mr. Dennis, p. 106.
Letters of Courtſhip to a Woman of Quality, from p. 118. *to* 133.
A Letter of Reproach to a Woman of Quality, p. 134.
A Letter of Buſineſs to a Merchant's Wife in the City, p. 136.
Letters by the late celebrated Mrs. Katherine Phillips, *from* p. 137. *to* 152.
A Letter to Mr. Herbert, p. 153.
A Letter to C.G. *Eſq; in* Covent-garden, p. 156.
To the Perjur'd Mrs. —— p. 163.
To the Honourable —— *in the* Pall-mall, p. 168.
A Letter to my Lady —— p. 173.
A Conſolatory Letter to an Eſſex-*Divine, upon the Death of his Wife,* p. 179.
A Letter to the fair Lucinda *at* Epſom, p. 183.
To the ſame at London, p. 185.
To W. Knight, *Eſq; at* Ruſcomb, *in* Berkſhire, p. 189.
To a Gentleman that fell deſperately in Love, and ſet up for a Beau in the 45*th Year of his Age,* p. 197.
The Anſwer, p. 200.
A Letter to his honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, *at the* Bath, p. 202.
A Letter to Mr. Raphſon, *Fellow of the* Royal Society, *upon occaſion of Dr.* Conner's *Book, entituled,* Phyſica Arcana, ſeu Tractatus de Myſtico corporum Statu; *to be Printed by Mr.* Briſcoe, p. 213.
A Letter to the Lord North *and* Grey, p. 218.
To a Friend in the Country, p. 221.

ADVER-

BOOKS newly Printed for R. Wellington, *at the* Lute *in St.* Paul's *Church-yard.*

A Diſcourſe of the Nature and Faculties of Man, in ſeveral Eſſays; with Reflections upon the Occurrences of Human Life. By *Tim. Nourſe*, Gent.

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Familiar Letters,

By the Right Honourable,

JOHN,

LATE

Earl of *ROCHESTER*.

VOL. I.

TO THE *Honourable* HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

DO a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preſerving your humble Servant *Rocheſter*, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which, for want of good Wine, more

than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conſcience) is very like to befal me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken *to wean you from your pernicious Reſolutions of Diſcretion and Wiſdom!* And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongſt you Stateſmen) ſhew it, by directing the Bearer to the beſt Wine in *Town*; and pray let not this higheſt Point of *Sacred Friendſhip* be perform'd *ſlightly*, but go about it *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Prieſts to Sacrifice, or as diſcreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-diſcerning Pallat (the beſt Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord —— will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou doſt hope to *out-do* MACHIAVEL, or *equal* ME, ſend ſome good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul

Soul at laſt find Reſt, no longer hov'ring 'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and *Lewdneſs!* Maiſt thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy *domeſtick Wit*; *belov'd* and *cheriſh'd* for thy *foreign Intereſt* and *Intelligence.*

ROCHESTER.

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU cannot ſhake off the Stateſman intirely; for, I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almoſt a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my ſelf, I care not which way it turns, and am fond of no News, but the Proſperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindneſs to me, which is the only Error I wiſh to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all ſtung with my Lord *M*———'s mean Ambition, but I aſpire to my Lord *L*———'s generous Philoſophy: They who would be great in our little Government, ſeem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who, with much endeavour, and ſome danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which ſolid Pigs would diſdain, if they were

were not ſtarving. Theſe Reflections, how idle ſoever they ſeem to the Buſie, if taken into conſideration, would ſave you many a weary Step in the Day, and help *G——y* to many an Hours ſleep, which he wants in the Night: But *G——y* would be rich; and, by my troth, there is ſome ſence in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wiſh him many Millions, that his Soul may find reſt. You write me word, That I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the diſproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a ſinging Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you pleaſe, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to ſhew yourſelf in the Country this Summer, contrive ſuch a Crew together, as may not be aſham'd of paſſing by *Woodſtock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman *G——y*, we will make a ſhift to delight his Gravity. I am ſorry for

the declining D———ſs, and would have you generous to her at this time; for that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THIS Day I receiv'd the *unhappy News* of my own *Death and Burial.* But, hearing what *Heirs* and *Succeſſors* were deereed me in *my Place*, and *chiefly* in *my Lodgings*, it was no ſmall Joy to me, that *thoſe Tydings* prove *untrue*; my Paſſion *for Living*, is ſo encreas'd, that I omit *no Care of myſelf*; which, *before*, I never thought *Life worth the trouble of taking.* The King, who knows me to be *a very ill-natur'd Man*, will not think it *an eaſie matter* for me *to die*, now I *live chiefly out of ſpight.* Dear Mr. *Savile*, afford me ſome News from your *Land of the Living*; and though I have little Curioſity to hear who's *well*, yet I would be *glad* my few *Friends* are *ſo*, of whom *you* are no more *the leaſt* than *the leaneſt.* I have *better Compliments* for you

but that may not look ſo ſincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profeſs myſelf,

Your faithful, affectionate,

humble Servant,

Adderbury, *near* Banbury, Feb. *ult.* ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middleſex.*

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

I Am in a great ſtraight what to write to you; the ſtile of *Buſineſs* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Miniſtry* makes in Men, is not to be imagined; though I can truſt with confidence all thoſe *You* are liable to, *ſo well* I *know* you, and *ſo perfectly I love* you. We are in ſuch a *ſetled Happineſs*, and ſuch *merry Security* in this place, that, if it were not for *Sickneſs*, I could paſs my time very well, between *my own Ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Miſfortunes of *malicious miſtaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expoſe *new Rarities* of *that kind* every day. The News I have to ſend, and the ſort alone which could be ſo to *you*, are things *Gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare

dare not truſt to *this pretty Fool, the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour* and *Protection*, and *whoſe Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly, if it might ſuit with your *Character*, at your times of leiſure, to Mr. *Baptiſt*'s Acquaintance, the happy Conſequence would be *Singing*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a ſhare not unworthy *the greateſt Embaſſadors*, nor to be deſpis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greateſt and graveſt* of *this Court* of *both Sexes* have taſted his *Beauties*; and, I'll aſſure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here*, in *this Point* mainly; and there is no part of the *Plot* carried with ſo much *Secreſie* and *Vigour* as *this*. Proſelytes, of conſequence, are daily made, and my Lord *S*——'s *Impriſonment* is no *check* to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter*'s *Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman more*, had invaded *England*, Mr. *S*——'s Apology, for making Songs on the Duke of *M.* with his *Oration-Conſolatory* on my Lady *D*——'s Death, and a *Politick Diſſertation* between my Lady *P*——*s* and Capt. *Dangerfield*, with many other *worthy Treatiſes* of the *like nature*, are things worthy your peruſal; but I durſt not

ſend

ſend 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Conſequence* it might draw upon your *Circumſtances* and *Character*; but if they will admit *a Correſpondence* of that *kind*, in which *alone* I dare preſume to think myſelf *capable*, I ſhall be very *induſtrious* in that way, or any *other*, to keep you from *forgetting*,

Your moſt affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

White-hall, Nov. 1. —79.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WEre I as *Idle* as *ever*, which I ſhou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted; I wou'd write a ſmall *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *diſhrievel'd Rays* guild the Tops of *the Palaces in Leather-lane:* Then ſhou'd *thoſe vile Enchanters* Barten *and* Ginman, lead forth their *Illuſtrious Captives in Chains of Quickſilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms* to *the loathſome Banks of a dead Lake of Diet-drink*; you, as my Friend, ſhou'd break the *horrid Silence*, and ſpeak *the moſt paſſionate fine things* that ever *Heroick Lover* utter'd; which being *ſoftly* and *ſweetly* reply'd to by Mrs. *Roberts*, ſhou'd *rudely* be *interrupted* by *the envious* F———. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, till *the gentle Reader bath'd* with *the Tribute* of his Eyes, *the Names* of ſuch *unfortunate Lovers*——

And

And this (I take it) wou'd be a moſt excellent way of *celebrating the Memories* of my *moſt Pockey Friends, Companions and Miſtreſſes.* But it is a *miraculous thing* (as *the Wiſe* have it) when a Man, *half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Buffoon*; but ſo it falls out to my Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Relapſe*, brought by a *Feaver*, the *Stone*, and ſome *ten Diſeaſes more*, which have depriv'd me of the Power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd ſome Days ago; and now I fear, I muſt *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long ſince *written for Inſtruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

But he who lives not Wiſe and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf ſtill in October.

About which time, in all probability, there may be a period added to the *ridiculous being* of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IN my return from *New-market*, I met your *Packet*, and truly was not more *ſurprized* at the *Indirectneſs* of Mr. *P.*'s *Proceeding*, than *overjoy'd* at the *Kindneſs and Care of yours. Miſery makes all Men leſs or more diſhoneſt*; and I am not *aſtoniſh'd* to ſee *Villany* induſtrious for Bread; *eſpecially*, living in *a place* where it is often ſo *de gayete de Cœur.* I believe, *the Fellow* thought of this *Device* to get ſome Money, or elſe he is *put upon it* by Some-body, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can againſt me: However, I will ſearch into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Poſt or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me ſuch *a Proof* of your *Friendſhip*; and I am now ſen-

ſenſible, that it is *natural* for you to be *kind* to me, and can *never more* deſpair of it.

I am your faithful, oblig'd,

humble Servant,

Biſhop-Stafford, Apr. 5. 80.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE,

Embaſſador in *FRANCE.*

Begun, White-hall, May 30*th*, 79.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *ſincerely*) but *Idleneſs* on one ſide, and not knowing what to ſay on the *other*, has hindred me from Writing to you, after ſo *kind a Letter*, and *the Preſent* you ſent me, for which I return you at laſt my humble Thanks. *Changes* in *this place* are *ſo frequent*, that *F—— himſelf* can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to Day*, or what will enſue to *Morrow*; and *Accidents* are *ſo extravagant*, that my Lord *W——* intending to *Lie*, has, with a *Prophetick Spirit*, once *told truth*. Every Man *in this Court* thinks he ſtands fair for *Miniſter*; ſome give it to

o *Shaftsbury*, others to *Halliſax*; but Mr. *Waller* ſays *S*—— does all; I am ſure my Lord *A*—— does little, which your Excellence will eaſily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Diſcourſe of *Politick Perſons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himſelf upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the King, It is very *auſpicious* and *advantageous to the drift of the preſent Councils*: The reſt of the *Scots*, and eſpecially D. *H*—— are very inquiſitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make *a handſome Figure* in *this Conjuncture* at *London*. What the D. of *Monmouth* will effect, is now *the general expectation*, who took *Poſt unexpectedly*, left *all* that had offer'd their Service in *this Expedition*, in *the lurch*; and, being attended only by Sir *Thomas Armſtrong*, and Mr. C—— will, without queſtion, have *the full Glory* as well of *the Prudential* as *the Military Part of this Action entire to himſelf*. The moſt *profound Politicians* have *weighty Brows*, and *careful Aſpects at preſent*, upon *a Report* crept abroad, *That Mr.* Langhorn, *to ſave his Life, offers a Diſcovery of Prieſts and Jeſuits Lands, to the value of Fourſcore and ten thouſand Pounds a Year*;

which being accepted, it is fear'd, *Partiſans* and *Undertakers* will be found out to advance a conſiderable Sum of Mony upon *this Fund*, to the *utter Interruption of Parliaments*, and the *Deſtruction of many hopeful Deſigns*. This, I muſt call *God* to witneſs, was never hinted to me in *the leaſt* by Mr. *P*—— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taſte of my *ſerious Abilities*, and to let you know I have a great *Goggle-eye* to *Buſineſs*: And now I cannot deny you a ſhare in the *high ſatisfaction* I have receiv'd at the account which flouriſhes here of your *high Proteſtancy* at *Paris*: *Charenton* was never ſo Honour'd, as ſince your *Reſidence and Miniſtry* in *France*, to *that degree*, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be ſitting at your return, or otherwiſe the Mayor and Common-Council, will Petition the King you may be *digniſied* with the *Title of that place*, by way of *Earldom or Dukedom, as his Majeſty ſhall think moſt proper to give, or you accept.*

Mr. *S*—— is a Man of that *tenderneſs of Heart, and approv'd Humanity*, that he will doubtleſs be highly *afflicted* when he hears

hears of *the unfortunate Pilgrims*, tho' he appears *very obdurate* to the *Complaints* of *his own beſt Concubine*, and *your fair Kinſwoman* M—— who now ſtarves. The Packet inclos'd in your laſt, I read with all the ſence of Compaſſion it merits, and if I can prove ſo unexpectedly happy to ſucceed in my Endeavours for that Fair Unfortunate, ſhe ſhall have a ſpeedy account. I thank *God*, there is yet a *Harry Savile in England*, with whom I drank your Health laſt Week at Sir *William Coventry*'s; and who, in *Features*, *Proportion* and *Pledging*, gives me *ſo lively an Idea of yourſelf*, that I am reſolv'd to retire into *Oxfordſhire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or *you* from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

ANY kind of Correſpondence with ſuch a Friend as you, is very agreeable; and therefore you will eaſily believe, I am very ill when I loſe the opportunity of Writing to you: But Mr. *Povy* comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Compliment: In a plainer way I muſt tell you, I pray for *your happy Reſtoration*; but was not at all ſorry for your *glorious Diſgrace*, which is an Honour, conſidering the *Cauſe*. I wou'd ſay ſomething to the *ſerious* part (as you were pleas'd to call it) of your *former* Letter; but it will diſgrace my Politicks to differ from yours, who have wrought now ſometime under *the beſt* and *keeneſt Stateſmen* our *Cabinet* boaſts of: But, to confeſs the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, *Take your Meaſures juſt contrary to your Rivals, live*

ve in Peace with all the World, and eaſily ith the King: Never be ſo Ill-natur'd to ir up his Anger againſt others, but let him rget the uſe of a Paſſion, which is never to o you good: Cheriſh his Love where-ever it clines, and be aſſur'd you can't commit reater Folly than pretending to be Jealous; t, on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart and all the Faculties you have, ontribute to his Pleaſure all you can, and mply with his Deſires throughout: And, r new Intrigues, ſo you be at one end, 'tis matter which: Make Sport when you can, other times help it.—— Thus, I have giv'n you an account how unfit I am to give the Advice you propos'd: Beſides this, you may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But ſome thought *otherwiſe*; and ſo truly I have renounc'd *Buſineſs*; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would ſay, but upon this ſubject; and, for this time, I beg, this may ſuffice, from

Your humble and moſt affectionate faithful Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIs not that I am the idleſt Creature living, and only chuſe to imploy my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languiſh all the Day in the tediouſneſs of doing nothing, that I write to you; but owning, that (tho' you excel moſt Men in Friendſhip and good Nature) you are not quite exempt from all Human Frailty, I ſend this to hinder you from forgetting a Man who loves you very heartily. The World, ever ſince I can remember, has been ſtill ſo inſupportably the ſame, that 'twere vain to hope there were any alterations; and therefore I can have no curioſity for News; only I wou'd be glad to know if the Parliament be like to ſit any time; for the Peers of *England* being grown of late Years very conſiderable in the Government, I wou'd make one at the Seſſion. *Livy* and Sick-

neſs

neſs has a little inclin'd me to Policy; when I come to Town I make no queſtion but to change that Folly for ſome leſs; whether Wine or Women I know not; according as my Conſtitution ſerves me: Till when (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When you Dine at my Lord *Liſle*'s let me be remembred.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehenſible as what they *pretend* to repreſent; but apparently as Frail as Thoſe they Govern.—— This is a Seaſon of Tribulation; and I piouſly beg of Almighty God, that the ſtrict Severity ſhewn to one ſcandalous Sin amongſt us, may Expiate for all grievous Calamities.—— So help them God, whom it concerns!

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

IF Sack and Sugar be a Sin, God help the Wicked; was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of Yore, lov'd a Glaſs of Wine, wou'd be merry with a Friend, and ſometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. *Savile*) forgive me, if I confeſs, that, upon ſeveral occaſions, you have put me in mind of this fat Perſon, and now more particularly, for thinking upon your preſent Circumſtances, I cannot but ſay with myſelf, If loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lautherdale*, bring Baniſhments and Pox, the Lord have mercy upon poor Thieves and S——s! But, by this time, all your Inconveniences (for, to a Man of your very good Sence, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end: For my own part, I'm taking pains

pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: But moſt Human Affairs are carried on at the ſame nonſenſical rate, which makes me, (who am now grown Superſtitious) think it a Fault to laugh at the Monky we have here, when I compare his Condition with Mankind. You will be very good-natur'd if you keep your Word, and write to me ſometimes: And ſo good Night, dear Mr. *Savile*.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

WHether *Love*, *Wine*, or *Wiſdom*, (which rule you by turns) have the preſent Aſcendant, I cannot pretend to determine at this diſtance; but *Good-nature*, which waits about you with more diligence than *Godfrey* himſelf, is my Security, that you are *unmindful* of your abſent Friends: To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a *Misfortune* I never was criminal enough to *merit*, ſince to the Black and Fair *Counteſs*, I villanouſly *betray'd* the daily Addreſſes of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon *the firſt Bottle*, and upon *the ſecond*, on my Conſcience, wou'd have renounc'd *them and the whole Sex*; Oh! *That ſecond Bottle* (Harry!) *is the Sincereſt, Wiſeſt, and moſt Impartial Downright Friend* we have; tells us truth of *ourſelves*, and forces us to ſpeak Truths

of

of *others*; baniſhes *Flattery* from our *Tongues*, and *diſtruſt* from our *Hearts*, ſets us above *the mean Policy of Court-Prudence*; which makes us *lie* to one another *all Day*, for fear of being *betray'd* by each other *at Night*. And (before God) I believe, the *errantest Villain breathing*, *is honeſt as long as that Bottle lives*, and few of *that Tribe* dare venture upon him, at leaſt, among *the Courtiers* and *Stateſmen*. I have ſeriouſly conſider'd one thing, That the three Buſineſſes of this Age, *Women*, *Politicks*, and *Drinking*, the *laſt* is the only Exerciſe at which you and I have not prov'd ourſelves *errant Fumblers*: If you have the *Vanity* to think *otherwiſe*; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of *both Sexes*, and as they ſhall determine, live and die *their Drunkards*, or *entire Lovers*. For, as we mince the Matter, it is hard to ſay which is the moſt *tireſom Creature*, *loving Drunkard*, *or the drunken Lover*.

If you ventur'd *your fat Buttock a Gallop to* Portſmouth, I doubt not but thro' *extream Galling*, you now lie Bed-rid of *the Piles*, or *Fiſtula in* Ano, and have the leiſure to write to your Country-Acquaintance,

tance, which if you omit I ſhall take the Liberty to conclude you *very Proud. Such a Letter* ſhou'd be directed to me at *Adderbury*, near *Banbury*, where I intend to be within theſe three Days.

Bath, *the* 22*d of* June.

From your

obedient humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WHether *Love* or the *Politicks* have the greater Intereſt in your Journy to *France*, becauſe it is argu'd among *wiſer Men*, I will not conclude upon; but hoping ſo much from your Friendſhip, that, without reſerve, you will truſt me with the time of your ſtay in *Paris*, I have writ this to aſſure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Reſolutions are to improve this Winter for the Improvement of my Parts in *Foreign Countries*, and if the *Temptation* of ſeeing you, be added to the *Deſires* I have already, the Sin is ſo ſweet, that I am reſolv'd to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libra nos a Malo*—— *For thine is*, &c.

Oxford, Septemb. 5. ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

'TIS not the *leaſt* of my Happineſs, that I think you love me; but *the firſt* of all my *Pretenſions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to *deſerve* it. If there be a *real good* upon Earth, 'tis in the *Name of FRIEND*, without which all others are meer fantaſtical. How few of us are fit ſtuff to make that thing, we have daily the melancholly experience.

However, dear *Harry!* Let us not give out, nor deſpair of bringing that about, which, as it is the moſt difficult, and rare Accident of Life, is alſo the beſt; nay, (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has ſo entirely poſſeſs'd me ſince I came into the Country, (where,

(where, only, one can think; for, you at Court think not at all; or, at leaſt, as if you were ſhut up in a Drum; as you think of nothing, but the Noiſe that is made about you) that I have made many Serious Reflections upon it, and, amongſt others, gather'd one Maxime, which I deſire, ſhou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. *G*——; That, *we are bound in Morality and common Honeſty, to endeavour after Competent Riches*; ſince it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneaſie in their Fortunes, have prov'd firm and clear in their Friendſhips. A very poor Fellow, is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thouſand can be good natur'd to another, who is not pleas'd within himſelf. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philoſophy to the Dog-days, and living alone. To prevent the Inconveniences of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the *Bath* on Sunday next, in Viſitation to my Lord Treaſurer: Be ſo Politick, or be ſo Kind, (or a little of both, which is better) as to ſtep down thither, if famous

famous Affairs at *Windſor*, do not detain you. Dear *Harry!* I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate,

Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

If you ſee the Dutcheſs of *P*—— very often, take ſome opportunity to talk to her about what I ſpoke to you at *London.*

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IF it were the Sign of an honeſt Man, to be happy in his Friends, ſure I were mark'd out for the worſt of Men; ſince no one e'er loſt ſo many as I have done, or knew to make ſo few. The Severity you ſay the Dutcheſs of *P*—— ſhews to me, is a proof, that 'tis not in my power to deſerve well of Any-body; ſince (I call Truth to Witneſs) I have never been guilty of an Errour, that I know, to her: And this may be a Warning to you, that remain in the Miſtake of being kind to me, never to expect a grateful Return; ſince I am ſo utterly ignorant how to make it: To value you in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my Wiſhes, to ſerve you in my Words; to obſerve, ſtudy, and obey you in all my Actions, is too little; ſince I have performed all this to her, without ſo much

as an offenfive Accident. And yet ſhe thinks it juſt, to uſe me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope ſhe were in the wrong; I muſt have a very melancholly Opinion of myſelf. I wiſh your Intereſt might prevail with her, as a Friend of her's, not mine, to tell how I have deſerv'd it of her, ſince ſhe has ne'r accus'd me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, Somebody had been Cunninger than I, to perſwade her ſo. I can as well ſupport the Hatred of the whole World, as Anybody, not being generally fond of it. Thoſe whom I have oblig'd, may uſe me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: But to be injur'd by thoſe who have oblig'd me, and to whoſe Service I am ever bound; is ſuch a Curſe, as I can only wiſh on them who wrong me to the Dutcheſs.

I hope you have not forgot what G——y and you have promis'd me; but within ſome time you will come and fetch me to *London:* I ſhall ſcarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be ſo that my Maſter

ſter has no need of my Service, nor my Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Shepheard* is a Man of a fluent Stile and coherent Thought; if, as I ſuſpect, he writ your Poſtſcript.

I wiſh my Lord *Halifax* Joy of every Thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

ROCHESTER.

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOu, who have known me theſe ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Perſons, the By-word of Stateſmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the irreconcilable Averſion of fine Gentlemen, who are the Ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me ſeldom ſad, even under theſe weighty Oppreſſions; can you think that the loving of lean Arms, ſmall Legs, red Eyes and Noſe, (if you will conſider that Triſle too) can have the Power to depreſs the natural Alacrity of my careleſs Soul; eſpecially upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Savile*, which never wants Wit and Good-nature, two Qualities able to tranſport my Heart with Joy, tho it were breaking? I wonder at *M*——'s flaunting it in Court with ſuch fine Clothes; ſure he is an alter'd Perſon ſince I ſaw him;

him; for, ſince I can remember, neither his ownſelf, nor any belonging to him, were ever out of Rags: His Page alone was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that but in appearance; for, of late he has made no more of wearing Second-hand *C——ts*, than Second-hand *Shooes*; tho' I muſt confeſs, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftener. I wiſh the King were ſoberly adviſ'd about a main Advantage in this Marriage, which may poſſibly be omitted; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of ſome old Beauties and young Deformities, who ſwarm, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A Foreign Prince ought to behave himſelf like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one Royal Chick for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock ſhall clear the whole Pariſh of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The King had never ſuch an opportunity; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave he muſt never hope to be rid of, unleſs he ſet up an Intrigue with the *Tartars* or *Coſſacks*. For the Libel you ſpeak of, upon that moſt unwitty Generation, the preſent Poets, I rejoyce in it

with all my Heart, and ſhall take it for a Favour, if you will ſend me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly, that has a Spleen to thoſe Rogues, tho' never ſo dully expreſs'd. And now, dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up my ſelf with an handſom Period.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THO' I am almoſt *Blind*, utterly *Lame*, and ſcarce within the reaſonable hopes of ever ſeeing *London* again, I am not yet ſo wholly mortified and dead to the taſte of all Happineſs, not to be extreamly reviv'd at the receipt of a kind Letter from an old Friend, who in all probability might have laid me aſide in his Thoughts, if not quite forgot me by this time. I ever thought you an extraordinary Man, and muſt now think you ſuch a Friend, who, being a Courtier, as you are, can love a Man whom it is the great Mode to hate. Catch Sir *G. H.* or Sir *Carr*, at ſuch an ill-bred Proceeding, and I am miſtaken: For the hideous Deportment, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, ſo much is true, that

we went into the River ſomewhat late in the Year, and had a Friſk for forty Yards in the Meadow, to dry our-ſelves. I will appeal to the King and the Duke, If they had not done as much; nay, my Lord-Chancellor, and the Archbiſhops both, when they were Schoolboys? And, at theſe Years, I have heard the one Declaim'd like *Cicero*, the others Preach'd like St. *Auſtin*: Prudenter Perſons, I conclude, they were, ev'n in Hanging-ſleeves, than any of the flaſhy Fry, (of which I muſt own myſelf the moſt unſolid) can hope to appear, ev'n in their ripeſt Manhood.

And now, (Mr. *Savile*) ſince you are pleas'd to quote yourſelf for a grave Man of the Number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when two large fat Nudities led the Coranto round *Roſamond*'s fair Fountain, while the poor violated Nymph wept to behold the ſtrange Decay of Manly Parts, ſince the Days of her dear *Harry* the Second: P—— ('tis confeſs'd) you ſhew'd but little of; but for A—— and B——, (a filthier

thier Oſtentation! God wot) you expos'd more of that Naſtineſs in your two Folio Volumes, than we altogether in our ſix Quarto's. *Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye*, &c. And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make *Dutch-men* merry; a thing I would avoid, like killing Punaiſes, the filthy Savour of *Dutch-mirth* being more terrible. If GOD, in Mercy, has made 'em huſh and melancholly, do not you rouze their ſleeping Mirth, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wiſh my ſelf in Town to ſerve him in ſome refin'd Pleaſures; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutch-man* to think of.

The beſt Preſent I can make at this time is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the King may hear his Tunes, when he is eaſie and private, becauſe I am ſure they will divert him extreamly: And may he ever have Harmony in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears: May he

he dream pleaſantly, wake joyfully, love ſafely and tenderly, live long and happily; ever prays (Dear *Savile*) *un Bougre laſſe qui era toute ſa foutue reſte de Vie,*

Voſtre fidelle, amy &

tres humble Serviteur,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours the ſurprizing Account of my Lady Dutcheſs's more than ordinary Indignation againſt me, I was newly brought in dead of a Fall from my Horſe, of which I ſtill remain Bruis'd and Bedrid, and can now ſcarce think it a Happineſs that I ſav'd my Neck. What ill Star reigns over me, that I'm ſtill mark'd out for Ingratitude, and only us'd barbarouſly to thoſe I am oblig'd to! Had I been troubleſom to her in pinning the Dependance of my Fortune upon her Solicitations to the King, or her Unmerited Recommendations of me to ſome Great Man; it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if ſhe had ſought any Occaſion to be rid of a uſeleſs Trouble: But, a Creature, who had already receiv'd of her all the Obligations he

he ever could pretend to, except the continuance of her good Opinion, for the which he reſolv'd, and did direct every ſtep of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why ſhould ſhe take the Advantage of a falſe idle Story, to hate ſuch a Man; as if it were an Inconvenience to her to be harmleſs, or a Pain to continue juſt? By that God that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the leaſt Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted Treaſon, conceal'd Arms, Train'd Regiments for a Rebellion. If there be upon Earth a Man of Common Honeſty, who will juſtifie a Tittle of her Accuſation, I am contented never to ſee her. After this, ſhe need not forbid me to come to her, I have little Pride or Pleaſure in ſhewing myſelf where I am accus'd of a Meanneſs I were not capable of, even for her Service, which would prove a ſhrewder Tryal of my Honeſty than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the Dutcheſs of *P*—— more an Angel than I find her a Woman; and as this is the firſt, it ſhall be the moſt malicious

cious thing I will ever ſay of her. For her generous Reſolution of not hurting me to the King, I thank her; but ſhe muſt think a Man much oblig'd, after the calling of him Knave, to ſay ſhe will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Counteſs of *P*———, whatever ſhe has heard me ſay, or any body elſe, of her, I'll ſtand the Teſt of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how ſevere ſoever ſhe pleaſes to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue ſo. I do not know how to aſſure myſelf the D. will ſpare me to the King, who would not to you; I'm ſure ſhe can't ſay I ever injur'd you to her; nor am I at all afraid ſhe can hurt me with you; I dare ſwear you don't think I have dealt ſo indiſcreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendſhip I profeſs to you. And, to ſhew you I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and deſire her to give me the fair hearing ſhe wou'd afford any Footman of hers, who had been complain'd of to her by a leſs-worthy Creature, (for ſuch a one, I aſſure myſelf, my Accuſer is) unleſs it be for her Service, to wrong the moſt faith-

faithful of her Servants; and then I ſhall be proud of mine. I would not be run down by a Company of Rogues, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it: Therefore (dear *Harry*) ſend me word, how I am with other Folks; if you viſit my Lord Treaſurer, name the Calamity of this Matter to him, and tell me ſincerely how he takes it: And, if you hear the King mention me, do the Office of a Friend, to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THE Lowſineſs of Affairs in this Place, is ſuch (forgive the unmannerly Phraſe! Expreſſions muſt deſcend to the Nature of Things expreſs'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much leſs one of a publick Character, with the Retail of them, the general Heads, under which this whole Iſland may be conſider'd, are Spies, Beggars and Rebels, the Tranſpoſitions and Mixtures of theſe, make an agreeable Variety; Buſie Fools and Cautious Knaves are bred out of 'em, and ſet off wonderfully; tho' of this latter ſort, we have fewer now than ever, Hypocriſie being the only Vice in decay amongſt us, few Men here diſſemble their being Raſcals; and no Woman diſowns being a Whore. Mr. *O*—— was try'd two Days ago for Buggery, and clear'd: The next Day he brought his

his Action to the *Kings-Bench*, againſt his Accuſer, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the number of Seven, for the Honour of the *Proteſtant Cauſe*. I have ſent you herewith a Libel, in which my own ſhare is not the leaſt; the King having perus'd it, is no ways diſſatisfied with his: The Author is apparent Mr. ———, his Patron my L—— ——— having a Panegerick in the midſt; upon which happen'd a handſom Quarrel between his L———, and Mrs. *B*—— at the Dutcheſs of *P*——; ſhe call'd him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds, than any Man alive; to which he anſwer'd, She very well knew one he never made, nor never car'd to be imploy'd in making. —— Rogue and Bitch enſued, till the King, taking his Grand-father's Character upon him, became the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you ſtill to Love

Your faithful, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU are the *only* Man of *England*, that keep *Wit* with your *Wiſdom*; and I am happy in a *Friend* that excels in both, were your *Good Nature* the leaſt of your *Good Qualities*, I durſt not preſume upon it, as I have done; but I know you are ſo ſincerely concern'd in ſerving your Friends truly, that I need not make an Apology for the Trouble I have given you in this Affair.

I daily expect more conſiderable Effects of your Friendſhip, and have the *Vanity* to think, I ſhall be the better for your growing poorer.

In the mean time, when you pleaſe to diſtinguiſh from *Proſers* and *Windham*, and comply with *Roſers* and *Bull*,

not forgetting *John Stevens*, you ſhall find me

Your moſt Ready

and moſt Obedient Servant,

ROCHESTER.

The End of the late Earl of Rocheſter's *Letters.*

THE

THE
E. of *L*-----'s LETTER
To the Honourable
Algernoon Sidney.

DIſuſe of Writing hath made it uneaſie to me, Age makes it hard, and the Weakneſs of Sight and Hand, makes it almoſt impoſſible. This may excuſe me to *Every-body*, and particularly to *you*, who have not invited me much unto it, but rather have given me cauſe to think, that you were willing to ſave me the labour of Writing, and yourſelf the trouble of Reading my Letters: For, after you had left me ſick, ſolitary and ſad, at *Penſhurſt*, and that you had reſolved to undertake the Employment wherein you have lately been, you neither came to give me a Farewel, nor

did ſo much as ſend one to me, but only writ a wrangling Letter or two concerning Mony, and *Hoskins*, and Sir *Robert Honywood*'s Horſe; and though both before and after your going out of *England*, you writ to divers other Perſons, the firſt Letter that I received from you, was dated, as I remember, the 13th of *September*; the ſecond in *November*, wherein you take notice of your Mother's Death; and if there were one more, that was all, until Mr. *Sterry* came, who made ſuch haſte from *Penſhurſt*, that coming very late at Night, he would not ſtay to Dine the next Day, nor to give me time to *Write*. It is true, that ſince the Change of Affairs here, and of your Condition there, your Letters have been more frequent; and if I had not thought my Silence better both for you and myſelf, I would have written more than once or twice unto you; but though, for ſome Reaſons, I did forbear, I failed not to deſire others to write unto you, and with their *own*, to convey the beſt Advice that my little Intelligence and weak Judgment cou'd afford; particularly not to expect *new Authorities nor Orders from hence, not to ſtay*

in

in any of the Places of your Negotiation, not to come into England, *much leſs to expect a Ship to be ſent for you; or to think, that an Account was, or wou'd be expected of you here,* unleſs it were of *Matters very different from your Tranſactions there; that it wou'd be beſt for you preſently to diveſt yourſelf of the Character of a Publick Miniſter, to diſmiſs all your Train, and to retire into ſome ſafe place, not very near nor very far from* England, *that you might hear from your Friends ſometimes.* And for this I advis'd *Hamburgh*, where I hear you are, by your Man *Powel*, or by them that have received Letters from you, with Preſents of Wine and Fiſh, which I do not reproach nor envy.

Your laſt Letter to me had no Date of Time or Place; but, by another at the ſame time to Sir *John Temple*, of the 28th of *July*, as I remember, ſent by Mr. *Miſſonden*, I gueſs that mine was of the ſame Date: By thoſe that I have had, I perceive that you have been miſadvertiz'd; for though I meet with no Effects nor Marks of Diſpleaſure, yet I find no ſuch Tokens or Fruits of Favour, as may give

me either *Power* or *Credit* for thoſe Undertakings and good Offices, which, perhaps, you expect of me.

And now I am again upon the Point of retiring to my poor Habitation, having for myſelf no other Deſign, than to paſs the ſmall remainder of my Days innocently and quietly; and, if it pleaſe God, to be gathered in Peace to my Fathers. And concerning you, what to reſolve in myſelf, or what to adviſe you, truly I know not: For, you muſt give me leave to remember of how little Weight my Opinions and Counſels have been with you, and how unkindly and unfriendly you have rejected thoſe Exhortations and Admonitions, which in much Affection and Kindneſs I have given you upon many Occaſions, and in almoſt every thing, from the higheſt to the loweſt, that hath concerned you; and this you may think ſufficient to diſcourage me from putting my Advices into the like Danger: Yet, ſomewhat I will ſay: And, Firſt, I think it unfit, and (perhaps) as yet, unſafe for you to come into *England*; for, I believe, *Powel* hath told you, that he heard, when he

was

was here, *That you were likely to be excepted out of the General Act of Pardon and Oblivion:* And though I know not what you have done or ſaid here or there, yet I have ſeveral ways heard, That there is as ill an Opinion of you, as of any, even of thoſe that condemned the late King: And when I thought there was no other Exception to you, than your being of the other Party, I ſpoke to the General in your behalf, who told me, That very ill Offices had been done you, but he would aſſiſt you as much as juſtly he could; and I intended then alſo to ſpeak to Some-body elſe, you may gueſs whom I mean: But, ſince that, I have heard ſuch things of you, that in the doubtfulneſs only of their being true, no Man will open his Mouth for you. I will tell you ſome Paſſages, and you ſhall do well to clear yourſelf of them. It is ſaid, That the Univerſity of *Copenhagen* brought their *Album* unto you, deſiring you to write ſomething therein, and that you did *ſcribere in Albo* theſe words,

Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis,
Enſe petit placida cum Libertate quietem:

And put your Name to it. This cannot chuſe but be publickly known, if it be true. It is ſaid alſo, That a *Miniſter*, who hath married a Lady *Laurence* here of *Chelſey*, but now dwelling at *Copenhagen*, being there in Company with you, ſaid, I think you were none of the late King's Judges, nor guilty of his Death, meaning our King. *Guilty!* ſaid you; *Do you call that Guilt? Why, 'twas the juſteſt and braveſt Action that ever was done in* England, *or any where elſe*; with other words to the ſame effect. It is ſaid alſo, That you having heard of a Deſign to ſeize upon you, or to cauſe you to be taken Priſoner, you took notice of it to the King of *Denmark* himſelf, and ſaid, *I hear there is a Deſign to ſeize upon me: But who is it that hath that Deſign?* Eſtce noſtre Bandit. By which you are underſtood to mean the King.

Beſides this, it is reported, That you have been heard to ſay many ſcornful and contemptuous things of the King's Perſon and Family; which, unleſs you can juſtifie yourſelf, will hardly be forgiven or forgotten: For, ſuch Perſonal Offences make deeper Impreſſions than Publick

Publick Actions either of War or Treaty. Here is a Reſident, as he calls himſelf, of the King of *Denmark*, whoſe Name (as I hear) is *Pedcombe*; he hath viſited me, and offered his readineſs to give you any Aſſiſtance in his Power or Credit with the Embaſſadour, Mr. *Alfield*, who was then expected, and is now arrived here, and hath had his firſt Audience. I have not ſeen Mr. *Pedcombe* ſince; but, within a few Days I will put him in mind of his Profeſſion of Friendſhip to you, and try what he can or will do. Sir *Robert Honywood* is alſo come hither; and, as I hear, the King is graciouſly pleaſed to admit him to his Preſence, which will be ſomewhat the better for you, becauſe then the Exceptions againſt your Employment and Negotiation, wherein you were Colleague, will be removed, and you will have no more to anſwer for, than your own particular Behaviour. I believe Sir *Robert Honywood* will be induſtrious enough to procure Satisfaction to the Merchants in the Buſineſs of Mony, wherein he will have the Aſſiſtance of Sir *John Temple*; to whom I refer you for that and ſome other things.

I have little to ſay to your Complaints of your Siſter *Strayford*'s unequal Returns to your Affection and Kindneſs, but that I am ſorry for it, and that you are well enough ſerv'd for beſtowing ſo much of your Care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due, and I hope you will be wiſer hereafter. She and her Husband have not yet paid the Thouſand Pounds, whereof you are to have your part, by my Gift; for ſo, I think, you are to underſtand it, tho' your Mother deſired it; and if for the Payment thereof your being in *England*, or in ſome Place not far off, be neceſſary, as ſome pretend, for the Sealing of ſome Writings, I think that, and other Reaſons, ſufficient to perſwade you to ſtay a while where you are, that you may hear frequently from your Friends, and they from you. I am wholly againſt your going into *Italy* as yet, till more may be known of your Condition, which, for the preſent, is hard; and, I confeſs, that I do not yet ſee any more than this, that either you muſt live in Exile, or very privately here; and (perhaps) not ſafely; for though

though the Bill of Indemnity be lately paſſed, yet if there be any particular and great Diſpleaſure againſt you, as I fear there is, you may feel the Effects thereof from the Higher Powers, and receive Affronts from the Inferiour: Therefore you were beſt to ſtay at *Hamburgh*, which, for a Northern Situation, is a good place, and healthful. I will help you as much as I can in diſcovering and informing you of what concerns you; though, as I began, ſo I muſt end, with telling you, That Writing is now grown troubleſome to

London, Aug. 30. 1660. *Your Affectionate*

Le-----

The

The Honourable

Algernoon Sidney's

LETTER,

AGAINST

BRIBERY,

AND

Arbitrary Government.

Written to his Friends, in Anſwer to Theirs, perſwading his Return to *England.*

SIR,

I Am ſorry I cannot in all things conform myſelf to the Advices of my Friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly ſubmit

mit my Intereſt to theirs; but when I alone am intereſted, and they only adviſe me to come over as ſoon as the Act of Indemnity is paſs'd, becauſe they think it is beſt for me, I cannot wholly lay aſide my own Judgment and Choice. I confeſs, we are naturally inclin'd to delight in our own Country, and I have a particular Love to mine; I hope I have given ſome Teſtimony of it; I think that being exil'd from it is a great Evil, and would redeem myſelf from it with the loſs of a great deal of my Blood: But when that Country of mine, which us'd to be eſteem'd a Paradiſe, is now like to be made a Stage of Injury, the Liberty which we hoped to eſtabliſh oppreſs'd, all manner of Prophaneneſs, Looſneſs, Luxury and Lewdneſs ſet up in its heighth; inſtead of the Piety, Virtue, Sobriety, and Modeſty, which we hoped God, by our Hands, would have introduc'd; the Beſt of our Nation made a Prey to the Worſt; the Parliament, Court and Army corrupted, the People enſlav'd, all things vendible, and no Man ſafe, but by ſuch evil and infamous Means as Flattery and Bribery; what Joy can I have in my own Country in this Condition? Is it a Pleaſure

ſure to ſee all that I love in the World ſold and deſtroy'd? Shall I renounce all my old Principles, learn the vile Court-arts, and make my Peace by bribing ſome of them? Shall their Corruption and Vice be my Safety? Ah! no; better is a Life among Strangers, than in my own Country upon ſuch Conditions. Whil'ſt I live, I will endeavour to preſerve my Liberty; or, at leaſt, not conſent to the deſtroying of it. I hope I ſhall die in the ſame Principle in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preſerve me. I have in my Life been guilty of many Follies, but, as I think of no meanneſs, I will not blot and defile that which is paſt, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my Mind, that when God ſhould caſt me into ſuch a Condition, as that I cannot ſave my Life, but by doing an indecent thing, He ſhews me the time is come wherein I ſhould reſign it. And when I cannot live in my own Country, but by ſuch means as are worſe than dying in it, I think He ſhews me, I ought to keep myſelf out of it. Let them pleaſe themſelves with *making the King glorious*, who think a *Whole People* may juſtly be ſacri-

ſacrific'd for the Intereſt and Pleaſure of *One Man*, and *a few of his Followers*: Let them rejoice in their Subtilty, who, by betraying the former Powers, have gain'd the Favour of this, not only preſerv'd, but advanc'd themſelves in theſe dangerous Changes. Nevertheleſs (perhaps) they may find the King's Glory is their Shame, his Plenty the Peoples Miſery; and that the gaining of an Office, or a little Mony, is a poor Reward for deſtroying a Nation! (which, if it were preſerved in Liberty and Vertue, would truly be the moſt glorious in the World) and that others may find they have, with much Pains, purchas'd their own Shame and Miſery, a dear Price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the Life that is accompanied with it; the Honour of *Engliſh* Parliaments have ever been in making the Nation glorious and happy, not in ſelling and deſtroying the Intereſt of it, to ſatisfie the Luſts of one Man. Miſerable Nation! that, from ſo great a heighth of Glory, is fallen into the moſt deſpicable Condition in the World, of having all its Good depending upon the Breath and Will of the vileſt Perſons in it! cheated and ſold by them they truſted!

ed! Infamous Traffick, equal almoſt in Guilt to that of *Judas!* In all preceeding Ages, Parliaments have been the Piſlars of our Liberty, the ſure Defenders of the Oppreſſed: They, who formerly could bridle Kings, and keep the Ballance equal between them and the People, are now become the Inſtruments of all our Oppreſſions, and a Sword in his Hand to deſtroy us: They themſelves, led by a few intereſted Perſons, who are willing to buy Offices for themſelves by the Miſery of the whole Nation, and the Blood of the moſt worthy and eminent Perſons in it. Deteſtable Bribes, worſe than the Oaths now in faſhion in this Mercenary Court! I mean, to owe neither my Life nor Liberty to any ſuch Means; when the Innocence of my Actions will not protect me, I will ſtay away till the Storm be overpaſs'd. In ſhort, where *Vane*, *Lambert* and *Haſlerigg* cannot live in Safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in *England*, I ſhould have expected a Lodging with them; or, tho' they may be the firſt, as being more eminent than I, I muſt expect to follow their Example, in Suffering, as I have been their Companion in Acting. I am moſt in Amaze at the miſta-

miſtaken Informations that were ſent to me by my Friends, full of Expectations, of Favours, and Employments. Who can think, that they, who impriſon them, would employ me, or ſuffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employ'd, can it be expected that I ſhould ſerve a Government that ſeeks ſuch deteſtable Ways of eſtabliſhing itſelf? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own Peace, by perſecuting and betraying my Brethren, more innocent and worthy than myſelf: I muſt live by juſt Means, and ſerve to juſt Ends, or not at all, after ſuch a Manifeſtation of the Ways by which it is intended the King ſhall govern. I ſhould have renounced any Place of Favour into which the Kindneſs and Induſtry of my Friends might have advanc'd me, when I found thoſe that were better than I, were only fit to be deſtroy'd. I had formerly ſome Jealouſies, the fraudulent Proclamation for Indemnity, encreas'd the impriſoning of thoſe three Men; and turning out of all the Officers of the Army, contrary to Promiſe, confirm'd me in my Reſolutions, not to return.

To conclude, The Tide is not to be diverted, nor the Oppreſs'd deliver'd; but God, in his time, will have Mercy on his People; he will ſave and defend them, and avenge the Blood of thoſe who ſhall now periſh, upon the Heads of thoſe, who, in their Pride, think nothing is able to oppoſe them. Happy are thoſe whom God ſhall make Inſtruments of his Juſtice in ſo bleſſed a Work. If I can live to ſee that Day, I ſhall be ripe for the Grave, and able to ſay with Joy, *Lord! now letteſt thou thy Servant depart in Peace*, &c. [So Sir *Arthur Haſlerigg* on *Oliver*'s Death.] Farewel; my Thoughts, as to King and State, depending upon their Actions. No Man ſhall be a more faithful Servant to him than I, if he make the Good and Proſperity of his People his Glory; none more his Enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular Friends I ſhall be conſtant in all Occaſions; and to you

A moſt affectionate Servant,

A. Sidney.

To

To Madam ——

I Have News to tell you: You got a new Subject yesterday; tho', after all, (perhaps) it is no more News to you, than it would be to the Grand Seignior, or the French King: For you (Madam) either find or make Subjects where-ever you go. It is impossible to see you, without surrendring one's Heart to you; and he that hears you talk, and can still preserve his Liberty, may (for ought I know) revive the Miracle of the *three Children* in *Daniel*, and call for a Chamlet Cloak to keep him warm in the midst of a Fiery Furnace. But really (Madam) I am none of those Miracle-mongers; I am true Flesh and Blood, like the rest of my Sex; and, as I make no Scruple to own my Passion to you, so you (Madam) without incurring the Danger of being question'd by the Parliament, may pretend to all the Rights and Priviledges of a Conqueror. My Comfort is, that all Mankind, soon-

er or later, muſt wear your Chain: for you have Beauty enough to engage the niceſt Heart, though you had no Wit to ſet it off: And you have ſo plentiful a ſhare of the laſt, that were you wholly deſtitute of the former, as I have already found to my Coſt, you have but too much, you could not fail of harming the moſt Inſenſible. For my own part, I confeſs myſelf an Admirer, or, if you pleaſe, an Adorer of your Beauty: But I am a Slave, a meer downright effectual Slave to your Wit. Your very Converſation is infinitely more delicious than the Fruition of any other Woman.

Thus, my Charming Sovereign, I here profeſs myſelf your devoted Vaſſal and Subject. I promiſe you eternal Duty and Allegiance: It is neither in my Power nor Will to depoſe you; and I am ſure it is not in your Nature to affect Arbitrary Sway. Tho' if you do, (Madam) God knows, I am a true Church of *England-man*; I ſhall never rebel againſt you in Act or Thought, but only have recourſe to Prayers and Tears, and ſtill ſtick to my Paſſive Obedience. Perhaps, Madam, you'll tell me, I have talked

talked more than comes to my ſhare; but, being *incognito*, I aſſume the Liberty of a Maſquerader, and, under that Protection, think myſelf ſafe. But, alas, did you know how I languiſh for you, I dare ſwear (my charming *Sylvia!*) you would beſtow ſome Pity upon

AMYNTAS.

To Madam ——

I Have never had the Happineſs of your Converſation but once, and then I found you ſo very charming, that I have wore your lovely Idea ever ſince in my Mind. But it is not without the leaſt Aſtoniſhment, that I receiv'd the News of what befel you t'other Day; it ſtill makes me tremble, and leaves a diſmal Impreſſion behind it, not eaſie to be imagin'd. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, what could urge you to ſo cruel a Reſolution, that might have prov'd irreparably fatal to yourſelf, and matter of perpetual Affliction to your Friends? What Harm have I, and a Thouſand more of your Adorers done you, that you ſhould ſo terribly revenge the ſuppoſed Infidelity of another upon them? Or, Why ſhould you, whom Beauty and Wit have put in a Capacity to ſubdue our whole Sex, lay to Heart the Unkindneſs of one Lover, who may proceed to a new Election when you pleaſe? If I had Vanity

enough

enough to aſpire to be your Privy-Counſellour, I wou'd e'en adviſe you to bury the remembrance of what is paſt, and either to puniſh all Mankind, as you eaſily may, though I need not inſtruct you how; or elſe to chuſe ſome happy Favourite out of the Throng of your Servants, and ſhowre your Favours upon him. If Sincerity and Truth may bid for the Purchaſe of your Heart, I can help you to one that thoroughly underſtands your Worth, and accordingly values it; that would be damn'd before he would abandon you for the greateſt Princeſs in the Univerſe; that would chearfully die for your ſake, and yet only lives out of Hopes, that he may one day merit your Eſteem by his Services. I fancy, Madam, you now demand of me, where this ſtrange Monſter of Fidelity is to be found? Know then, that he lives within leſs than a Hundred Miles of *Red-Lyon-Square*; and that his Name is, (Oh! pardon the Inſolence of this Diſcovery) his Name is

AMYNTAS.

There is another Letter that accompanies this, and was written a Week ago; which I had not Courage enough to lay at your Feet till now.

LOVE.

LOVE-LETTERS,

BY

Mr. *Thomas Otway.*

To Madam ——

My TYRANT!

I Endure too much Torment to be ſilent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the ſevereſt Complaint. I love you, I dote on you; Deſire makes me mad, when I am near you; and Deſpair, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miſeries, Love is to me the moſt intolerable; it haunts me in my Sleep, perplexes me when waking; every melancholly Thought makes my Fears more powerful; and every delightful one makes my Wiſhes more unruly. In all other Uneaſie Chances of a Man's Life, there

there is an immediate Recourſe to ſome kind of Succour or another: in Wants, we apply ourſelves to our Friends; in Sickneſs, to Phyſicians: but Love, the Sum, the Total of all Misfortunes, muſt be endur'd with Silence, no Friend ſo dear to truſt with ſuch a Secret, nor Remedy in Art ſo powerful, to remove its Anguiſh. Since the firſt Day I ſaw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one Hour of perfect Quiet: I lov'd you early; and no ſooner had I beheld that ſoft bewitching Face of yours, but I felt in my Heart the very Foundation of all my Peace give way: But when you became anothers, I muſt confeſs, that I did then rebel, had fooliſh Pride enough to promiſe myſelf, I would in time recover my Liberty: In ſpight of my enſlav'd Nature, I ſwore againſt myſelf, I would not love you: I affected a Reſentment, ſtifled my Spirit, and would not let it bend, ſo much as once to upbraid you, each Day it was my chance to ſee or to be near you: With ſtubborn Sufferance I reſolv'd to bear and brave your Power; nay, did it often too, ſucceſsfully. Generally with Wine or Converſation I diverted or appeas'd the *Dæmon* that poſſeſs'd

ſeſs'd me; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy ſelf, to give my Heart an account why I had done it ſo unnatural a Violence, it was then I always paid a treble Intereſt for the ſhort Moments of Eaſe which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought roſe up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd thoſe Sluces of Tears that were to run till Morning. This has been for ſome Years my beſt Condition: Nay, Time itſelf, that decays all things elſe, has but encreas'd and added to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it as you are generous, (which ſure you muſt be, for every thing except your Neglect of me, perſwades me that you are ſo) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held you, and ſo long treſpaſs'd on thoſe dear Joys that only were my Due; I love you with that tenderneſs of Spirit, that purity of Truth, and that ſincerity of Heart, that I could ſacrifice the neareſt Friends or Intereſts I have on Earth, barely but to pleaſe you: If I had all the World, it ſhould be yours; for with it I could be but miſerable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourſelf for

Juſtice,

Juſtice, if through the whole Actions of my Life I have done any one thing that might not let you ſee how abſolute your Authority was over me. Your Commands have been always ſacred to me; your Smiles have always tranſported me, and your Frowns aw'd me. In ſhort, you will quickly become to me the greateſt Bleſſing, or the greateſt Curſe, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot ſo much as look on you without Confuſion; Wiſhes and Fears riſe up in War within me, and work a curs'd Diſtraction through my Soul, that muſt, I am ſure, in time have wretched Conſequences: You only can, with that healing Cordial, Love, aſſwage and calm my Torments; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you, and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boaſt too, that (take out Fortune from the Ballance) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juſter Pretence to your Heart, than the Unfortunate and (even at this time) Weeping

OTWAY.

To Madam ——

IN value of your Quiet, tho' it would be the utter ruine of my own, I have endeavoured this Day to perſwade myſelf never more to trouble you with a Paſſion that has tormented me ſufficiently already, and is ſo much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than my ſelf. I have laid all the Reaſons my diſtracted Condition would let me have recourſe to, before me: I have conſulted my Pride, whether after a Rival's Poſſeſſion I ought to ruine all my Peace for a Woman that another has been more bleſt in, tho' no Man ever loved as I did: But Love, victorious Love, o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he ſtill looks forward from the preſent Hour, expecting ſtill new Dawns, new riſing Happineſs, never looks back, never regards what is paſt, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce purſuit of Joy before him: I

have conſulted too my very ſelf, and find how careleſs Nature was in framing me; ſeaſoned me haſtily with all the moſt violent Inclinations and Deſires, but omitted the Ornaments that ſhould make thoſe Qualities become me: I have conſulted too my Lot of Fortune, and find how fooliſhly I wiſh poſſeſſion of what is ſo precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet ſtill I Love, ſtill I dote on, and cheat myſelf, very content becauſe the Folly pleaſes me. It is Pleaſure to think how Fair you are, tho' at the ſame time worſe than Damnation, to think how Cruel: Why ſhould you tell me you have ſhut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of yourſelf, ſounds like Reſerve, and not ſo much Sincerity, as ſure I may claim even from a little of your Friendſhip. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid defiance to that ſweet Power? No, you know better to what end Heaven made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleaſure, then to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart againſt. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears are of no

power

power with your haughty Nature; yet ſure you might at leaſt vouchſafe to pity them, not ſhift me off with groſs, thick, home-ſpun Friendſhip, the common Coin that paſſes betwixt Worldly Intereſts: muſt that be my Lot! Take it Ill-natur'd, take it; give it to him who would waſte his Fortune for you; give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold; court you with Offers of vaſt rich Poſſeſſions; give it the Fool that has nothing but his Mony to plead for him; Love will have a much nearer Relation, or none. I ask for glorious Happineſs; you bid me Welcome to your Friendſhip, it is like ſeating me at your Side-table, when I have the beſt Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feaſt. I Love, I Doat, I am Mad, and know no meaſure; nothing but Extreams can give me eaſe; the kindeſt Love, or moſt provoking Scorn: Yet even your Scorn would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the edge of Hope, but damn'd Deſpair will gnaw my Heart for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have Charity enough to value the Well-being of a Man that holds you dearer than you can the Child your Bowels are moſt fond of,

of, by that ſweet Pledge of your firſt ſofteſt Love, I charm and here conjure you to pity the diſtracting Pangs of mine; pity my unquiet Days and reſtleſs Nights; pity the Frenzy that has half poſſeſt my Brain already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: The Wretch in *Bedlam* is more at Peace than I am! And, if I muſt never poſſeſs the Heaven I wiſh for, my next Deſire is, (and the ſooner the better) a clean-ſwept Cell, a merciful Keeper, and your Compaſſion when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

To

To Madam ——

SInce you are going to quit the World, I think myſelf obliged, as a Member of that World, to uſe the beſt of my Endeavours to divert you from ſo ill-natur'd an Inclination; therefore, by reaſon your Viſits will take up ſo much of this Day, I have debarr'd myſelf the opportunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a time you are more Miſtreſs of, and when you ſhall have more leiſure to hear, if it be poſſible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd againſt me: I muſt confeſs it may look a little extraordinary for one under my Circumſtances to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never ſeen it: For Nature diſpoſed me from my Creation to Love, and my ill Fortune has condemn'd me to Doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf ſo long to ſo faithful a Paſſion,

had Nature diſpoſed her from her Creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this Trifling, for I have ſo many Thoughts of this nature, that 'tis impoſſible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, eſpecially when I have the leaſt pretence to let you know you are the cauſe of the ſevereſt Diſquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

OTWAY.

To

To Madam ——

COuld I ſee you without Paſſion, or be abſent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this renewing my Vows, that I love you more than Health, or any Happineſs here or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me; and though I have languiſh'd for ſeven long tedious Years of Deſire, jealouſly and deſpairing; yet, every Minute I ſee you, I ſtill diſcover ſomething new and more bewitching. Conſider how I love you; what would not renounce, or enterprize for you? I muſt have you mine, or I am miſerable; and nothing but knowing which ſhall be the happy Hour, can make the reſt of my Life that are to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or reſolve never to look with common goodneſs on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart akes for you; and,

if I cannot have a Right in yours, I wiſh it would ake till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY.

To Madam ——

O

YOU cannot but be ſenſible, that I am blind, or you would not ſo openly diſcover what a ridiculous Tool you make of me. I ſhould be glad to diſcover whoſe ſatisfaction I was ſacrific'd to this Morning; for I am ſure your own ill Nature could not be guilty of inventing ſuch an Injury to me, meerly to try how much I could bear, were it not for the ſake of ſome Aſs, that has the Fortune to pleaſe you: In ſhort, I have made it the Bus'neſs of my Life to do you Service, and pleaſe you, if poſſible, by any way to convince you of the unhappy Love I have for ſeven Years toil'd under; and your whole Bus'neſs is to pick ill-natur'd Conjectures out of my harmleſs freedom of Converſation, to Vex and Gall me with, as often as you are pleaſed to Divert yourſelf at the Expence of my Quiet. Oh, thou Tormenter! Could I think it were Jealouſie, how ſhould I humble myſelf to

be juſtify'd; but I cannot bear the thought of being made a Property either of another Man's good Fortune, or the Vanity of a Woman that deſigns nothing but to plague me.

There may be Means found ſometime or other, to let you know your miſtaking.

To Madam ——

YOU were pleaſed to ſend me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further ſatiſfaction in the Matter you were ſo unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not, and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wiſh yourſelf to be eaſed of the higheſt Torment it were poſſible for your Nature to be ſenſible of, to let me ſee you ſometime to Morrow, and ſend me word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be ſo juſt, as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your ſake, either bleſs all your bewitching Sex; or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curſe Woman-kind for ever.

Mr.——— to Mr. G———

Dear G——,

AS I hope to be ſav'd, and that's a bold word in a Morning, when our Conſciences, like Children, are always moſt uneaſie; when the Light of Nature flaſhes upon us with the Light of the Day, and makes way for the calm return of Thought, that Eternal Foe to Quiet; but, I thank my Stars, I have ſhook that Snake out of my Boſom, and made Peace with that Domeſtick Enemy *Conſcience*, and ſo much the more dangerous by being ſo——

——But, as I was going to ſay, your Letter has put new Life into me, and reviv'd me from the Damp, that Solitude and bad Company has flung me into; 'tis as hard to find a Man of Senſe here, as a handſom Woman: A Company of Country 'Squires round a Table, is like a Company of Waiters round a dead Corps, they

they are always ridiculouſly Sober and Grave, or, which is worſe, impertinently Loud: Wine, that makes the gay Man of the Town brisk and ſprightly, only ſerves to pluck off their Vail of Baſhfulneſs, a Mask that Fools ought always to wear; and which, once off, makes 'em as nauſeous, as a bare-fac'd Lady of the Pit; they are as particular in their Stories, as a Lawyer in his Evidence, and husband their Tales, as well as they do their Moneys: In ſhort, as Madam *Olivia* ſays, They are my Averſion of all Averſions.

You may eaſily imagine, I have too much of the Men, but on my word, I have too little of the Women: Full of Youth, Vigour and Health I lye fallow, and, like the Veſtal Virgins, am damn'd to Coldneſs and Chaſtity in the midſt of Flames. God knows what hard ſhifts I uſe, my Right-hand often does, what (like Acts of Charity) I'm aſham'd my Left-hand ſhou'd know. As much as I deſpiſe the Converſation of theſe Fops, I court it out of an apprehenſion of being alone, not daring to truſt myſelf to ſo dangerous a Companion as myſelf. 'Tis in theſe cool

Inter-

Intervals of Solitude, that we conſpire Cuckoldom againſt our Friend, Treaſon againſt the State, *&c.* for the Devil of Luſt and Ambition, like other Evil Spirits, only appears to us when we are alone.

The Talking of the Devil, puts me in mind of the Parſons: I had the Benefit of the Clergy this Week; I mean the Company of two honeſt unbigotted Parſons; I drank a Bowl to the *Manes* of our immortal Friend, one that was as witty as Neceſſity, and diſcover'd more Truths, than ever Time did: One that was born to Unchain the World, that ſtruggl'd with Myſteries as *Hercules* did with Monſters, and, like him, too fell by a Diſtaff.

After ſo mournful a Subject, I'gad I'll make you Laugh—— The Duce take me, if I did not, laſt Week, aſſiſt at the Ceremony of making a Chriſtian; nay, more Sir, I was, *Honos ſit Auribus*, a Godfather, who am your

Affectionate Friend,
and Servant, &c.

Mouſ.

Monſ. *BOILEAU*'s LETTERS,

TRANSLATED

By *THO. CHEEK*, Eſq;

To the Duke de Vivone, *upon his Entrance into the Haven of* Meſſina.

My Lord,

KNow you not, that one of the ſureſt ways, to hinder a Man from being pleaſant, is, to bid him be ſo: Since you forbad me being ſerious, I never found myſelf ſo grave, and I ſpeak nothing now but Sentences. And, beſides, your laſt Action has ſomething in it ſo great, that truly it would go againſt my

my Conſcience to write to you of it otherwiſe, than in the Heroick Style: However, I cannot reſolve, not to obey you, in all, that you command me; ſo that in the Humour that I find myſelf, I am equally afraid to tire you with a ſerious Trifle, or to trouble you with an ill Piece of Wit.

In fine, my *Apollo* has aſſiſted me this Morning, and in the time that I thought the leaſt of it, made me find upon my Pillow, two Letters, which, for want of mine, may perhaps give you an agreeable amuſement: They are dated from the *Elyſian* Fields; the one is from *Balzac*, and the other from *Voiture*, who being both charm'd with the Relation of your laſt Fight, write to you from the other World, to congratulate you. This is that from *Balzac*; you will eaſily know it to be his by his Style, which cannot expreſs things ſimply, nor deſcend from its heighth.

From

From the Elyſian *Fields*, June *the* 22*d.*

My Lord,

'THe Report of your Actions, re-'vives the Dead; it wakens 'thoſe, who have ſlept theſe thirty Years, 'and were condemn'd to an eternal Sleep; 'it makes Silence itſelf ſpeak: The 'Brave! The Splendid! The Glorious 'Conqueſt that you have made over the 'Enemies of *France!* You have reſtored 'Bread to a City, which has been accu-'ſtom'd to furniſh it to all others: You 'have nouriſh'd the nurſing Mother of '*Italy*; the Thunder of that Fleet, which 'ſhut you up the Avenues of its Port, has 'done no more than barely ſaluted your 'Entrance; its Reſiſtance has detained 'you no longer, than an over civil Recep-'tion: So far from hindring the Rapidi-'ty of your Courſe, it has not interrupted 'the Order of your March; you have 'conſtrain'd, in their Sight, the South, and 'North Winds to obey you, without cha-

'ſtizing

'ſtizing the Sea, as *Xerxes* did; you have 'taught it Diſcipline; you have done yet 'more, you have made the *Spaniard* 'humble. After that, what may not one 'ſay of you? No, Nature, I ſay, Nature, 'when ſhe was young, and in the time 'that ſhe produc'd *Alexanders* and *Ce-* 'ſars, has produc'd nothing ſo great, as un- 'der the Reign of *Louis* XIV, ſhe has gi- 'ven to the *French*, in her declenſion, that 'which *Rome* could not obtain from her 'in her greateſt Maturity. She has made 'appear to the World, in your Age, both 'in Body and Soul, that perfect Valour 'which we have ſcarce ſeen the Idea of 'in Romances and Heroick Poems. Beg- 'ging the Pardon of one of your Poets— 'he had no reaſon to ſay, That beyond '*Cocitus* Merit, is no more known: 'Yours, my LORD, is extoll'd here, by the 'common Voice, on both ſides of *Styx*. It 'makes a continual remembrance of you, 'even in the Abodes of Forgetfulneſs: It 'finds zealous Partizans in the Country 'of Indifference. It puts *Acheron* into the 'Intereſts of the *Seine*. Nay more, There 'is no ſhade amongſt us, ſo prepoſſeſt 'with the Principles of the *Porticus*, ſo 'hardned in the School of *Zeno*, ſo fortified

'againſt

'againſt Joy and Grief, that does not hear 'your Praiſes with pleaſure, that does 'not clap his Hands, and cry, *A Miracle!* 'at the Moment you are named, and is 'not ready to ſay with your *Malherb*,

A la fin, c'eſt trop de ſilence,
En ſi beau ſujeƈt, de parler.

'As for me, my LORD, who know you 'a great deal better, I do nothing but 'meditate on you in my Repoſe; I fill 'my Thoughts intirely with your Idea, 'in the long Hours of our leiſure; I cry 'continually, *How great a Man is this!* 'And if I wiſh to live again, 'tis not ſo 'much, to return to the Light, as to enjoy 'the Sovereign Felicity of your Conver-'ſation, and to tell you Face to Face, 'with how much reſpeƈt, I am from the 'whole extent of my Soul,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

I Know not, my LORD, whither theſe violent Exaggerations will pleaſe you; and whither you will not find, that the Style of *Balzac* is a little corrupted in the other World; however it be, (in my Opinion) he never laviſh'd his Hyperboles more to the purpoſe; 'tis for you to judge of it: But firſt read, (if you pleaſe) the Letter from *Voiture.*

From

From the Elyſian *Fields*, June *the* 22*d.*

My Lord,

'THo' we poor Devils, who are 'dead, do not concern ourſelves 'much in the Affairs of the Living, and 'are not exceedingly inclin'd to Mirth: 'Yet I cannot forbear rejoycing at the 'Great Things you do over our Heads. 'Seriouſly, your laſt Fight makes the De-'vil and all of a Noiſe here below; it has 'made itſelf heard in a place, where the 'very Thunder of Heav'n is not heard; 'and has made your Glory known in a 'Country where even the Sun is not 'known. There are a great many *Spa-'niards* come hither, who were in the 'Action, and have inform'd us of the Par-'ticulars. I ſee no reaſon why the People 'of that Nation ſhou'd paſs for Bullies; 'for I can aſſure you they are very civil 'Perſons, and the King ſent 'em hither 't'other Day very mild and quiet. To tell 'you the truth, my Lord, you have ma-

'nag'd your Affairs very well of late. To 'ſee with what ſpeed you fly o're the '*Mediterranean-Sea*, wou'd make one 'think you abſolutely Maſter of it: There 'is not at preſent, in all its extent, one 'ſingle Privateer in ſafety, and, if you go 'on at this rate, I can't ſee how you'd 'have *Tunis* and *Algiers* ſubſiſt. We have 'here the *Cæſars*, the *Pompeys*, and the *A-'lexanders*; they all agree, That you ex-'actly follow their Conduct in your way 'of fighting: But *Cæſar* believes you to 'be ſuperlatively *Cæſar*. There are none 'here, ev'n to the *Alaricks*, the *Genſe-'ricks*, the *Theodoricks*, and all the other 'Conquerors in *icks*, who don't ſpeak ve-'ry well of this Action; and in Hell it 'ſelf (I know not whether you are ac-'quainted with that Place) there is no 'Devil, my LORD, who does not con-'feſs ingenuouſly, That at the Head of 'an Army you are a greater Devil, than 'himſelf: This is a Truth that your ve-'ry Enemies agree in. But to ſee the good 'that you have done at *Meſſina*, for my 'part, I believe you are more like an An-'gel, than a Devil, only Angels have a 'more airy ſhape, and do not carry 'their Arms in a Scarf. Railery apart,

'Hell

'Hell is extreamly byaſs'd in your Fa-
'vour. There is but one thing to be ob-
'jected to your Conduct, and that is
'the little care, that you ſometimes take
'of your Life. You are ſo well belov'd in
'this Country, that they don't deſire
'your Company. Believe me, my LORD,
'I have already ſaid it in the other
'World, a Demi-God, is but a *very little*
'*thing*, when he is dead; he's nothing like
'what he was, when he was alive. And
'as for me, who know already, by expe-
'rience what it is *to be no more*, I ſet the
'beſt Face on the Matter I can; but to
'hide nothing from you, I die with Im-
'patience to return to the World; were
'it only to have the Pleaſure to ſee you
'there; in purſuance of this intended
'Voyage, I have already ſent ſeveral
'times to find out the ſcatter'd Parts of
'my Body to ſet 'em together, but I cou'd
'never recover my Heart, which I left at
'parting with thoſe ſeven Miſtreſſes, that
'I ſerv'd, as you know ſo faithfully, the
'whole ſeven at once. As for my Wit,
'unleſs you have it, I'm told, 'tis not to
'be found in the World. To tell you
'the truth, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that you
'have at leaſt the Gaiety of it: For I have

'been told here four or five Sayings of
'your Turn of Expreſſion, which I wiſh,
'with all my Heart, I had ſaid, and for
'which I would willingly give the Pane-
'gyrick of *Pliny*, and two of my beſt
'Letters. Suppoſing then, that you have
'it, I beg you to ſend it me back as ſoon
'as poſſibly you can; for indeed you
'can't imagine how inconvenient it is,
'not to have all one's Wit about one,
'eſpecially when one Writes to ſuch a
'Man as you are; this is the Cauſe that
'my Style, at preſent, is ſo alter'd: Were
'it not for that, you ſhou'd ſee me mer-
'ry again, as formerly, with my Com-
'rade *le Brochet*. And I ſhould not be
'reduc'd to the neceſſity of ending my
'Letter trivally, as I do in telling you,
'that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

THeſe are the two Letters, juſt as I receiv'd 'em: I ſend 'em you writ in my own Hand, becauſe you wou'd have had too much trouble to read the Characters of the other World, if I had ſent 'em you in the Original. Do not fancy, my LORD, that this is only a trial of Wit, and an imitation of the Style of theſe two Writers. You know very well, that *Balzac* and *Voiture* are inimitable. However, were it true, that I had recourſe to this Invention to divert you, ſhou'd I be ſo much in the wrong of it, or rather ought I not to be eſteem'd, for having found out this way to make you read the Praiſes, which you wou'd never have ſuffer'd otherways? In a word, cou'd I better make appear with what Sincerity, and with what Reſpect I am,

My LORD,

Yours, &c.

A

LETTER

Writ by

Mr. *DENNIS*,

Sent with the following

SPEECH.

SIR,

I Have here ſent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the laſt Poſt, and I think myſelf oblig'd to give you ſome account of it. In the late Appendix to the new *Obſervator*, I find the Author reaſonably complaining of the corruption of Hiſtory by the *French*, and giving

ving a reaſonable gueſs, how falſe the Hiſtory of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Monſieur *Peliſſon*'s Hiſtory of the preſent King of *France* is like to be, which is now writing by that King's own order. Monſieur *Boileau*, who writ the enclos'd, has at leaſt as great a ſhare in that Hiſtory as Monſieur *Peliſſon*: And therefore you have in the enclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inſerted a *Panegyrick* of his Prince, a Pattern of what his part of the Hiſtory will be. For having flatter'd his Maſter in this ſmall *Panegyrick*, we have all the reaſon in the World to believe, That he will flatter him too in his Hiſtory. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by Exaggerations, which are in ſome meaſure to be allow'd to an Orator; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the truth. Such are thoſe two remarkable Paſſages of the *French* King's offering Peace to the late Confederacy, for the general good of *Chriſtendom*, (which not ſo much as a *Frenchman*, who has common Senſe, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*,

only to be reveng'd of its Inſolency and of its Perfidiouſneſs, which every Man, who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, muſt laugh at. Now ſince it is to be preſum'd, that Monſieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his Hiſtory, becauſe it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his *Panegyrick*; What are we to expect from Monſieur *Peliſſon*, whoſe ſincerity is by no means ſo much talk'd of as the other's? I thought to have concluded here: But it comes into my mind to make two Reflections upon the Panegyrical part of the enclos'd. The firſt is this, That ſince Monſieur *Boileau*, who is, in the main, a Man of Sincerity, and a lover of Truth, could not but flatter *Lewis the Fourteenth* when he commended him; we may conclude, that it is impoſſible to give him a general commendation without flattery. For, where a Satyrick Poet paints, what other Man muſt not daub? The ſecond Reflection is this, That ſince this *Panegyrick* is ſcarce to be ſupported, notwithſtanding the moſt admirable genius of the Author, which ſhines throughout it; and an Art to which nothing can be added, (remember that I ſpeak of the Original) and beyond which nothing can be

be desir'd; you may easily conclude how extreamly fulsom the rest of the *Panegyricks* upon *Lewis the Fourteenth* must needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely short of *Boileau*'s, either Genius, or Art, or Vertue.

THE

THE SPEECH OF Monsieur *BOILEAU*, Upon his Admission into the French Academy.

Translated by Mr. DENNIS.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Honour this Day confer'd upon me, is something so great, so extraordinary, so little expected; and so many several sorts of reasons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very Moment, in which I return my Acknow-

Acknowledgments, I am doubtful if I ought to believe it. Is it then poſſible, can it be true, Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this illuſtrious Society, whoſe famous Eſtabliſhment does no leſs honour to the memory of Cardinal *Richlieu*, than all the reſt of the numerous Wonders of his matchleſs Miniſtry? And what muſt be the thoughts of that great Man? What muſt be the thoughts of that wiſe Chancellour, who after him enjoy'd the Dignity of your Protectorſhip; and after whom it was your Opinion, that none but your King had right to be your Protector? What muſt be their thoughts, Gentlemen, if they ſhould behold me this day, becoming a Part of this Glorious Body, the Object of their eternal care and eſteem; and into which by the Laws which they have eſtabliſh'd, by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a ſpotleſs Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I ſucceed in the Place which you are pleas'd to afford me here? * Is it not a Man who is equally renown'd for his great Employments,

* *Monſieur de* Beſons.

and

and his profound Capacity? Is it not a Magiſtrate who fill'd one of the formoſt Seats in the Council; and who, in ſo many important Occaſions, has been Honoured by his Prince, with his ſtricteſt Confidence: A Magiſtrate, no leſs wiſe than Experienc'd, watchful, laborious; with whom the more I compare myſelf, the leſs Proportion I find.

I know very well, Gentlemen, (and who can be ignorant of it,) that in the choice which you make of Men who are proper to ſupply the Vacancies of your learned Aſſembly, you have no regard either to Place or to Dignity: That Politeneſs, Learning, and an Acquaintance with all the more gentle Arts, have always uſher'd in naked Merit to you, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to ſubſtitute in the room of the higheſt Magiſtrate, of the moſt exalted Miniſter, ſome famous Poet, or ſome Writer, whom his Works have rendred Illuſtrious; and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his Deſert has given him upon *Parnaſſus*. But if you barely conſider me as a Man of Learning, what can I offer you that may

be

be worthy of the favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of Poetry, ſucceſsful rather by a happy temerity and a dexterous imitation of the Ancients, than by the beauty of its thoughts, or the richneſs of its expreſſions? Is it a Tranſlation that falls ſo far ſhort of the great Maſterpieces with which you every day ſupply us; and in the which you ſo glorioufly revive *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the reſt of the renown'd Heroes of the moſt learn'd Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the juſt value of things, to recompence at a rate ſo high, ſuch low Productions as mine, and offer me voluntarily upon ſo ſlight a foundation, an Honour which the knowledge of my want of Merit, has diſcourag'd me ſtill from demanding.

What can be the reaſon then, which in my behalf has ſo happily influenc'd you upon this occaſion? I begin to make ſome diſcovery of it, and I dare engage that I ſhall not make you bluſh in expoſing it. The goodneſs which the greateſt Prince in the World has ſhewn in employing me, together with one of the firſt of your illu-

illuſtrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the Permiſſion which he has given me to do this, has ſupply'd all my Defects with you.

Yes, Gentlemen, whatever juſt Reaſons ought to have excluded me ever from your Academy, you believed that you could not with Juſtice ſuffer that a Man who is deſtin'd to ſpeak of ſuch Mighty Things, ſhould be depriv'd of the Utility of your Leſſons, or inſtructed in any other School than in yours. And, by this, you have clearly ſhewn, that when it is to ſerve your Auguſt Protector, whatever Conſideration might otherwiſe reſtrain you, your Zeal will not ſuffer you to caſt your eyes upon any thing but the Intereſt of your Maſter's Glory.

Yet ſuffer me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that that great Prince, at the time when he granted that favour to me, believ'd that he ſhould meet within me a Writer, who was able to ſuſtain in the leaſt, by the Beauty of Style, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expreſſion, the Grandeur of his Exploits. No, Gentlemen,

it

belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, ſhew the World ſuch Maſter-pieces; nd he never conceiv'd ſo advantageous a ought of me. But as every thing that has done in his Reign is Wonderful, is odigious, he did not think it would be niſs, that in the midſt of ſo many re-wn'd Writers, who with emulation de-ribe his Actions in all their Splendour, d with all the Ornaments of the ſubli-eſt Eloquence, a Man without Artifice, d accus'd rather of too much Sincerity an of Flattery, ſhould contribute by his abour and by his Advice, to ſet to ſhew a proper light, and in all the ſimplicity the moſt natural Style, the Truth of oſe Actions, which being of themſelves little probable, have rather need to be ithfully related, than to be ſtrongly aggerated.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Poets d Orators, and Hiſtorians, who are metimes as daring as Poets or Orators, all come to diſplay upon ſo happy a ubject, all the bold ſtrokes of their Art, l their force of Expreſſion; when they all ſay of *Lewis* the Great, more juſtly an was ſaid of a famous Captain of old, that

that he alone has atchiev'd more Exploits than other Princes have read; that he alone has taken more Towns, than other Monarchs have wiſh'd to take: When they ſhall aſſure us, that there is no Potentate upon the face of the Earth, no not the moſt Ambitious, who in the ſecret Prayers that he puts up to Heaven, dares preſume to Petition for ſo much Glory, for ſo much Proſperity as Heaven has freely granted this Prince: When they ſhall write, that his Conduſt is Miſtreſs of Events; that Fortune dares not contradict his Deſigns: When they ſhall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching with Gigantick Strides, over great Rivers and the higheſt Mountains; thundring down Ramparts, rending hard Rocks, and tearing into ten thouſand pieces every thing that reſiſts his impetuous Shock: Theſe Expreſſions will doubtleſs appear great, rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Subject; but at the ſame time that the World ſhall wonder at them, it will not think itſelf oblig'd to believe them, and the Truth may be eaſily diſown'd or miſtaken, under the diſguiſe of its pompous Ornaments.

But,

But, when Writers without artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the ſimplicity of Witneſſes who depoſe, rather than of Hiſtorians, who make a Narration, ſhall rightly ſet forth, all that has paſs'd in *France*, ever ſince the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-eſtabliſh Order, Diſcipline, Law: when they ſhall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in ſucceeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Holland*, *Germany*, *Spain*, all *Europe* too feeble againſt him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in proſperity, and a more glorious Peace: When Pens that are ſincere, I ſay, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, ſhall rightly articulate all theſe Actions, diſpoſed in their order of time, and attended with their real circumſtances; who is it that can then diſſent from them, I do not ſay of our Neighbours, I do not ſay of Allies; I ſay of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they ſhou'd be unwilling to acknowledge the

truth of them, will not their diminiſh'd Forces, their States confin'd within ſtricter Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealouſies, their Furies, their very Invectives, in ſpight of themſelves, convince them? Can they deny that in that very Year, of which I am ſpeaking, this Prince being reſolv'd to conſtrain them all to accept of a Peace which he had offer'd them for the good of *Chriſtendom*, did all at once, and that at a time, when they had publiſh'd, that he was intirely exhauſted of Men and Money: that he did then, I ſay, all at once, in the *Low-Countries*, cauſe to ſtart up as 'twere out of the ground two mighty Armies, each of them conſiſting of Forty Thouſand Men; and that he provided for them abundant Subſiſtance there, notwithſtanding the ſcarcity of Forrage, and the exceſſive drought of the Seaſon? Can they deny, that whil'ſt with one of theſe Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to beſiege *Luxemburgh*, himſelf with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*: That he did, by this moſt admirable Conduct, or, rather, by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head ſo renown'd in the anci-

ancient Fables, whoſe Aſpect tranſform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the *Spaniards* unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important Place, in the which they had repos'd their utmoſt Refuge? That by a no leſs admirable effect of the ſame prodigious Enchantment, that obſtinate Enemy to his Glory, that induſtrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd ſo long to ſtir up all *Europe* againſt him, found himſelf, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, diſabled and impotent, tyed up on every ſide, and reduc'd to the wretched Vengeance of diſperſing Libels; of ſending forth Cries and Reproaches: Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they they deny all this? Muſt not they confeſs, That at the time when theſe Wonders were executing in the *Low-Countries*, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace, caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the Juſt Chaſtiſement of its Inſolence and of its Perfidiouſneſs; burying under the Ruines of Palaces and ſtately Houſes that proud City, more eaſie to be deſtroy'd than be humbled? No, without doubt, our Ene-

November 1960

mies dare not give the Lie to ſuch known Truths, eſpecially when they ſhall ſee them writ with that ſimple and natural Air, and with that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which, whate'er my Defects are, I do not abſoly deſpair to be able at leaſt in part to to ſupply the Hiſtory.

But ſince this very Simplicity, all Enemy, as it is to Oſtentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and thoſe Beauties, than from the ſource of all Delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept poſſeſſion, for ſo many Years, of all the Treaſures, of all the Riches, of our Tongue? Theſe, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you; this is what I come to ſtudy with you; this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my aſſiduity in frequenting you, by my addreſs in bringing you to ſpeak of theſe Matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your moſt ſecret Skill from me: Your Skill to render Nature decent and chaſte at the very time when ſhe is moſt alluring; and to make the Colours and

Paint

Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my Reſpects and by my ſincere Submiſſions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream Acknowledgment, which I ſhall make all my Life-time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

November 1980

Letters of Courtſhip

TO A

Woman of Quality.

IF it be a Crime in me, *Madam*, to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the occaſion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to *tell* you I do, 'tis myſelf only that's faulty. I confeſs, 'twas in my Power to have forborn writing, but I am ſatisfy'd I cou'd never have ſeen you, but the Language of my Looks wou'd have *diſcloſed the ſecret*; and to what purpoſe is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will diſcover itſelf by its own Light?* In my mind there's more Confeſſion in diſordered Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the artful Expreſſions the Tongue can utter; I have been ſtrugling with myſelf this three Months to diſcover a thing which

I now muſt do in three words, and that is, that *I adore you*; and I am ſure if you'll be juſt to yourſelf, you cannot be ſo unjuſt to me, as to queſtion the reality of this Diſcovery, for 'tis impoſſible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you poſſeſs, no body can be rich, and yet *unacquainted with their Stores*. And therefore, ſince 'tis certain, you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you muſt not take it ill that my Taſte is as curious as another's, I ſhou'd do an injury to my own Judgment if it were not; I am not, *Madam*, ſo vain as to believe, that any thing I can act or utter ſhou'd ever perſwade you to retain the leaſt kind regard, in recompence of the pain I ſuffer; I only beg leave and liberty to complain: They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to ſhow their Wounds; and the more gallant the Conquerour, *the more generous is his Compaſſion*. I ventur'd laſt Night to faulter out my Misfortune, 'twas almoſt dark, and I attempted it with greater boldneſs, nay, you yourſelf (cruel and charming as you are) muſt needs take notice of my diſorder; your Sentences were ſhort and reproving; your Anſwers cold; and your Manner (contrary to your uſual and peculiar

November 1980

culiar ſweetneſs) was *ſevere* and *forbidding*, yet in ſpight of all the Awe and chill Aſpect you put on, you muſt always appear moſt adorable to,

MADAM,

Your moſt loſt and

unfortunate humble Servant.

By

By the ſame Hand.

YOu need not have laid an Obligation on me of writing, who am ſo inclinable of my own accord, to tire you with Letters; 'tis the moſt agreeable thing I can do, and cou'd wiſh you thought it ſo too; but when I reflect upon the harſhneſs of my Expreſſions, I muſt needs conclude, I have a greater regard to my own ſatisfaction in writing, than to your patience in reading; the only way I know to make me write better, wou'd be to receive more frequent Letters from *you*, which would inſtruct me to do it; and I ſhou'd think it the greateſt perfection of my Pen to imitate even the *faults* of yours (if there were any.) I have the ſatisfaction left me, that I am writing to one, that, though her Judgment be nice and diſcerning, her Interpretation *is eaſie* and *candid*; ONE that has not only the *brightneſs of Heaven* to make me adore her, but alſo the *goodneſs* of it to forgive my offences; elſe I ſhou'd deſpair of Pardon for this too long Letter.

November 1700

I confeſs, if I were to make a recital of your Divine Qualities, an Age would be too ſmall a time to be employed in the Work: I ſhou'd indeavour to paint your gay airy Temper, and yet ſhadow it with all the Modeſty and cautious Reſerv'dneſs; you have an Humour ſo very *taking*, that, as it fires the *ſerious*, and *dull*, ſo it checks, and reſtrains the too *forward*; and as your Charms give *encouragement*, ſo your wakeful Conduct creates *deſpair*. If the Paper and your Patience wou'd not fail me, I cou'd live upon this Subject; but whilſt I do Juſtice to your *Vertues*, I offend your *Modeſty*; and every Offence againſt you, *Madam*, muſt be avoided as much as poſſible by him, all whoſe Happineſs depends on pleaſing you, as does that of,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant.

By

By the ſame Hand.

AS I cannot reflect upon the *melancholy Appearance* of things on *Sunday* and *Munday* laſt, without an Affliction inexpreſſible, ſo I cannot think on the happy Change without the moſt grateful Pleaſure. Heavens! how my Heart ſunk, when I found the tendereſt part of my Soul ſeiz'd with an Indiſpoſition, her Colour faded, the uſual Gaiety of her Temper eclipſed, her Tongue faultering, her Ayr languiſhing, and the charming Luſtre of her Eyes ſetting and decay'd! Inſtead of kind Expreſſions full of *Love* and *Endearments*, I could hear nothing but *Complaints*, and the melancholy Effects of a *growing Illneſs*. 'Tis true, (my deareſt Life) tho' you are as beautiful as *Light*, tho' ſweet and tender as a *Flower in Spring*, tho' gay and cheerful as *dawning Youth*, yet *all* theſe Perfections, that *captivate others*, cannot ſecure you againſt the *Tyranny* of *Diſtempers*; Sickneſs has *no* regard to *your Innocence*, but the ſame ruf-

ruffling Tempeſt that tears up the *common Weeds*, blaſts alſo the *fragrant bluſhing Roſe:* But now, to the Eternal Peace of my ſatisfied Mind, the Feaveriſh Heat is extinguiſh'd, and your Charms recover their uſual heavenly Brightneſs; I am the *Unhappy Wretch* that feels their force, and conſumes of a Feaver *never* to be extinguiſh'd, but with the Life of,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

By

By the ſame Hand.

THIS Morning I diſcover'd the *happy* Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits: Heavens grant the Deſign be real, *Love* is never free from *Fears*; and my preſaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am ſure you muſt be very much indiſpos'd; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all ſoft and pleaſing Idea's from me: The ſame Reſt which guilty deſpairing Wretches and Feaveriſh Souls find in the midſt of their Agonies, was my Lot all Night long: I could not, durſt not ſlumber; and, as my Love grew more outragious, my Apprehenſions about you were more diſtracting. I cannot be well till I ſee you, which, if it be with your uſual Charm-

Charming Gayety, I ſhall be the moſt bleſs'd of Mortals: But if pale Sickneſs ſit upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may alſo freeze the Blood of

Yours.

By the ſame Hand.

IF *Diſtraction* be an Argument of *Love*, I need no other to convince you of my *Paſſion*: All my paſt Actions have diſcover'd it, ſince I had the honour to know you; tho' not any ſo ſenſibly as my Behaviour on *Sunday*-night: My Reflection on it, gives me more pain than I can expreſs, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind thoſe Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from *Exceſs of Love*. My Letter will diſcover the Loſs of my Senſes, which I never had ſo much occaſion for as now, eſpecially when I preſume to write to one of ſo much *Judgment* as yourſelf; but you my *dearest Creature*, muſt look upon the Infirmities and Diſtreſs of a *Love-ſick Wretch*, with the ſame *Candour* and *Mildneſs* that Heaven does upon you; and let *all* my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is deſign'd for nothing but *Compaſſion*, and all the *gentle Actions of ſofteſt Love*. Whil'ſt I am preaching up Pity,

I muſt remember to practiſe it myſelf, and not to perſecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I love you to Death, and, when I ceaſe to do it, may Heaven juſtly puniſh my broken Vows, and may I be as *miſerable* as now I think myſelf *happy*. But as the greateſt Paſſions are diſcover'd by Silence, ſo that muſt direct me to conclude.

Yours.

By the ſame Hand.

I Am troubl'd, at the Soul, to find my *Deareſt Life* expreſs herſelf with ſo much Concern: I am ſure, till *Death* makes me *cold*, I ſhall *never* be ſo to one whoſe I *entirely* am, not ſo much by *Vows* as by the *ſincereſt Paſſion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind* Dear, *engaging* Creature, ſooner than utter *one* Sigh which is not for You, I would chuſe to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loath'd Being*. Your Perſon is *too charming*, your Manner *too winning*, your Principles *too honourable*, ever to let a Heart eſcape, that you have *once* made entirely your own; and, when mine is not ſo, may it feſter in the Breaſt of

Yours.

By the ſame Hand.

TO expreſs the grateful ſenſe of the Obligation I have to you, cannot be effectually done, unleſs I had your Pen. If you obſerve my Style, you will have reaſon to conclude, I have not received your ingenious Letter of Yeſterday, which ſhou'd have been a Precedent to me, and a Rule to write by; I aſſure you I am as well ſatisfy'd of the Reality of the Contents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Senſe is clear, like your Actions; and that Spirit that glows in your Eyes, ſhines in your Lines. I may venture to ſay, that Writing is not the leaſt of your Excellencies, and if any thing cou'd perſwade me to ſtay longer than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it wou'd be in Expectation of a ſecond Letter from you. 'Tis my greateſt pleaſure to hear you are well, and to have the happineſs of poſſeſſing in Thought, what is deny'd to my Eyes; deſi-

desiring the Continuance of ther i for no other end, than to gaze upc.i my dear Conquereſs, who, after a moſt engaging manner, has the way of kindly killing

Her humble and eternally

obliged Servant.

By the ſame Hand.

I Hope, my deareſt Life, will excuſe this Impertinence, tho' I received her Commands not to write; but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind was ſo extream, upon the reflection of my late Folly, that I cou'd not reſt, till I had acknowledg'd my Raſhneſs; I hope ſhe'll continue her uſual Goodneſs of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himſelf. When I think of my unworthineſs, I rave. I have been treated by the deareſt and beſt of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners. 'Tis you alone, Madam, that have ſweet engaging Ways peculiar to yourſelf, you are eaſie without Levity; Courteous and Affable without Flattery; you have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all your Heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding myſelf for making ſuch barbarous

and

and unjuſt Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a Juſt Abhorrence; I loath and deteſt myſelf, and muſt needs own, I ought not to ſubſcribe myſelf by any other Title, than,

MADAM,

Your Ungrateful.

A Letter of Reproach to a Woman of Quality.

MADAM,

I Am ſorry I muſt change my Style, and tell you I am now fully ſatisfied that your Ladiſhip never will be ſo; I always fear'd your Deſires wou'd exceed your Returns: But when I heard you were ſupply'd by three Nations, I thought you might have been modeſtly contented. And I have even yet good nature enough to pity your unfortunate Condition, or rather Conſtitution, that obliges half the Town of neceſſity to decline all ſorts of Commerce with you; I cou'd have wiſh'd you had had Reputation enough left for me to have juſtified, tho' you have cruelly robb'd me of the Joy of Loving, without making yourſelf any reaſonable Advantage of it; had your Soul conſulted my Deſtiny, I ſhould have had fairer play for my Paſſion, and not have been thus ſacrifi'd to your moſt Egregious Follies; yet, ſince

ſince better late than never, tak[illegible], Ma-dam, this time, now the Te[illegible] diſ-banded, the Seaſon moder[illegible]e, and your Ladiſhip's common Practice prorogued, to conſider if there be any way left you, in ſome meaſure, to ſave the Confuſion of yourſelf, and that of,

MADAM,

Auguſt *the* 10*th*, 95. *Your real humble Servant.*

A Letter of Dulneſs to a Merchant's Wife in the City.

MADAM,

I Can forgive you the Difficulty you made of paſſing an Ev'ning with me; nay, even the affected Indifference you entertain'd me with, when you might have imploy'd your time much better; I knew your Character, and gueſs'd what wou'd be the end of our firſt Meeting, but deſire it may not be the beginning of the Second; for the future, prithee, dear Hypocrite, (do not forget yourſelf) and ſo often ingage me to Love tenderly, and yet conjure me to hope for no Return; but do me the Favour to make a better uſe of the next Opportunity, leſt you carry on too far the unnatural Jeſt, and contrive to force yourſelf out of the Inclinations of,

Madam,

Your real humble Servant.

LET-

LETTERS,

By the late Celebrated

Mrs. *Katherine Phillips.*

The Fam'd Orinda, *to the Honourable* Berenice.

YOur Ladiſhip's laſt Favour from Col. *P*——'s was truly obliging, and carried ſo much of the ſame great Soul of yours, which loves to diffuſe it ſelf in Expreſſions of Friendſhip to me, that it merits a great deal more Acknowledgment than I am able to pay at my beſt Condition, and am leſs now when my Head akes, and will give me no leave to enlarge, though I have ſo much Subject and Reaſon; but really if my Heart ak'd too, I cou'd be ſenſible of a very great Kindneſs and Condeſcention in think-

November 1900

thinkin me worthy of your Concern, tho' I visibly perceive most of my Letters have lost their way to your Ladiſhip. I beſeech you be pleased, firſt, to believe I have written every Poſt; but, ſecondly, ſince I came, and then to enquire for them, that they may be commended into your hands, where alone they can hope for a favourable reſidence; I am very much a Sharer by Sympathy, in your Ladiſhip's ſatisfaction in the Converſe you had in the Country, and find that to that ingenious Company Fortune had been juſt, there being no Perſon fitter to receive all the Admiration of Perſons beſt capable to pay them, than the great *Berenice*: I hope your Ladiſhip will ſpeak me a real Servant of Dr. *Wilkins*; and all that Converſe with you, have enrich'd all this Summer with yours. I humbly thank your Ladiſhip for your Promiſe of Mr. *Boyle*'s Book, which indeed merits a publick, not View only, but Univerſal Applauſe, if my Vote be conſiderable in things ſo much above me. If it be poſſible, oblige me with the ſight of one of them, which (if your Ladiſhip command it) ſhall be very faithfully return'd you. And now (Madam) why was

that

that a cruel Queſtion, When will you come to *Wales*? 'Tis cruel to me, I confeſs, that it is yet in queſtion; but I humbly beg your Ladiſhip to unriddle that part of your Letter, for I cannot underſtand why you, Madam, who have no Perſons alive to whom your Birth hath ſubmitted you, and have already by your Life ſecur'd to yourſelf the beſt Opinion the World can give you, ſhould create an Awe upon your own Actions, from imaginary Inconveniencies: Happineſs, I confeſs, is two-fac'd, and one is Opinion; but that Opinion is certainly *our own*; for it were equally ridiculous and impoſſible to ſhape our *Actions* by others *Opinions*. I have had ſo much (and ſome ſad) Reaſon to diſcuſs this Principle, that I can ſpeak with ſome Confidence, That *none will ever be happy, who make their Happineſs to conſiſt in, or be govern'd by the Votes of other Perſons*. I deny not but the Approbation of wiſe and good Perſons is a very neceſſary Satisfaction; but to forbear innocent Contentments, only becauſe it's poſſible ſome Fancies may be ſo capricious as to diſpute, whether I ſhould have taken them, is, in my Belief, neither better nor worſe than to faſt always,

November 1980

ways. because there are ſome ſo ſuperſtitious in the World, that will abſtain from Meat, upon ſome Score or other, upon every day in the Year, that is, ſome upon ſome days, and others upon others, and ſome upon all. You know, Madam, there is nothing ſo various as *Vulgar Opinion*, nothing ſo untrue to itſelf: Who ſhall then pleaſe, ſince none can fix it? 'Tis a Hereſie (this of ſubmitting to every blaſt of popular extravagancy) which I have combated in Perſons very dear to me: *Dear Madam*, let them not have your Authority for a relapſe, when I had almoſt committed them; but conſider it without a Byaſs, and give Sentence as you ſee caúſe; and in that interim put me not off (*Dear Madam*) with thoſe Chymera's, but tell me plainly what inconvenience is it to come? If it be one in earneſt, I will ſubmit, but otherwiſe I am ſo much my own Friend, and my Friend's Friend, as not to be ſatisfied with your Ladiſhip's taking meaſure of your Actions by others Opinion, when I know too that the ſevereſt could find nothing in this Journey that they could condemn, but your exceſs of Charity to me, and that Cenſure you have already ſupported with Patience,

ence, and (notwithſtanding my own conſciouſneſs of no ways deſerving your ſufferance upon that ſcore) I cannot beg you to recover the Reputation of your Judgment in that particular, ſince it muſt be my Ruine. I ſhould now ſay very much for your moſt obliging Commands to me, to write, and ſhould beg frequent Letters from your Ladiſhip with all poſſible importunity, and ſhould by command from my *Lucaſia* excuſe her laſt Rudeneſs (as ſhe calls it) in giving you account of her Honour for you under her own Hand, but I muſt beg your pardon now, and out-believing all, I can ſay upon every one of theſe accounts, for really, *Madam*, you cannot tell how to imagine any Perſon more to any one than I am,

June *the* 25th, *Priory of* Cardigan.

Madam,
Your Ladiſhip's
moſt faithful Servant,
and paſſionate Friend,

ORINDA.

Lucaſia

NOVEMBER 1900

I am most faithfully your Servant;
I am very glad of Mr. *Cowley*'s success,
and will concern myself so much as to
thank your Ladiship for your endeavour
in it.

To

To the Honourable Berenice.

Dear MADAM,

I Have been ſo long ſilent, that I profeſs I am now aſham'd almoſt to beg your Pardon, and were not Confidence in your Ladiſhip's Goodneſs a greater reſpect than the beſt Addreſs in the World, I ſhould ſcarce believe myſelf capable of remiſſion; but when your Ladiſhip ſhall know more fully than Papers can expreſs, how much and how many ways I have ſuffered, you will rather wonder that I write at all, than that I have not written in a Week; when you ſhall hear that my Dear *Lucaſia*, by a ſtrange unfortunate Sickneſs of her Mother's, hath been kept from me, for three Weeks longer than I expected, and is not yet come: I have had ſome difficulty to live, and truly, *Madam*, ſo I have, and more difficulty to be ſilent to you, but that in earneſt my diſorder was too great to write: *Dear Madam*, pardon and pity me, and, to expreſs

preſs that you do both, be pleaſed to haſten hither, where I ſhall pour all my Trouble into your Boſom, and receive thence all that Conſolation which I never in my Life more needed than I now do. You ſee, Madam, my Preſumption, or rather Diſtraction to leap from Confeſſions into Petitions, and thoſe for advantages ſo much above my merit: But what is that, that the dear Great *Berenice* can deny her faithful *Orinda?* And what is it that *Orinda* would not do or ſuffer, to obtain that ſweet and deſired Converſe, ſhe now begs of you? I am confident my *Lucaſia* will ſuddenly be here to, thank you for your Charity which you will, by coming, expreſs to me, and the Obligation you will put upon her by it; both which ſhall be equally and conſtantly acknowledged (if you will pleaſe to haſten it) by

Your faithfully
affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,

ORINDA.

Nov. 2. 1658.

To

To the Honourable Berenice.

I Muſt confeſs myſelf extreamly troubled, to miſs a Letter from your Ladiſhip in a whole Fortnight, but I muſt beg you to believe your ſilence did not occaſion mine; for my Ambition to converſe with you, and advantage in being allow'd it, is too great for me to decline any opportunity which I can improve to obtain ſo much happineſs: But really the Box of Gloves and Ribbons miſs'd a conveniency of going, and a Letter that attended them partak'd in the ſame misfortune; by this time and ſome days before it I hope they have reach'd you, for they were ſent away above a Week ago; and if ſo, all that I can tell you of my Deſires to ſee your Ladiſhip will be repetition, for I had with as much earneſtneſs as I was capable of, begg'd it then, and yet have ſo much of the Beggar in me, that I muſt redouble that Importunity now, and tell you, That I gaſp for you with an Impatience that

is not to be imagin'd by any Soul wound up to a less concern in Friendſhip than yours is, and therefore I cannot hope to make others ſenſible of my vaſt deſires to enjoy you, but I can ſafely appeal to your own illuſtrious Heart, where I am ſure of a Court of Equity to relieve me in all the Complaints and Supplications my Friendſhip can put up: Madam, I am aſſured you love me, and that being once granted, 'tis out of diſpute, that your Love muſt have nobler circumſtances than mine, but becauſe the greatneſs and reality of it muſt be always diſputed with you, by me there muſt of neceſſity remain the obligingneſs of your Love to weigh down the Ballance; and give you that advantage over me in friendſhip, which you unqueſtionably have in all things elſe, and if this reaſoning be true, (as ſure there are all Sciences in Friendſhip, and then Logick cannot be excluded) I have argued myſelf into handſom neceſſity of being eternally on the receiving hand, but let me qualifie that ſeeming meanneſs, by aſſuring you, that even that is the greateſt teſtimony of my eſteem for your Ladiſhip, that ever I can give; for I have a natural pride (that I cannot much

much repent of) which makes me very unwilling to be obliged, and more curious from whom I receive kindneſſes than where I confer them; ſo that being contented to be perpetually in your Debt, is the greateſt Confeſſion I can make of the Empire you have over me, and really that Priviledge is the laſt which I can ſubmit to part with all, to be juſt done in Acts of Friendſhip, and that I do not only yield you in all my Life paſt, but can beg to have it continued by your doing me the greateſt favour that ever I receiv'd from you by reſtoring me my dear and honoured *Berenice*; this, Madam, is but one Action, but, like the Summ of an Account, it contains the Value of all the reſt, and will ſo oblige and refreſh me, that I cannot expreſs the ſatisfaction I ſhall receive in it; I humbly thank your Ladiſhip for the aſſurance you have given me, that you ſuddenly intend it, and that you were pleaſed to be accountable to me for your ſtay till *Chriſtmas*, which being now at hand, I hope you will have neither Reaſon, Importunity, nor Inclinations to retard the Happineſs you intend me: Really, Madam, I ſhall and muſt expect it in theſe Holidays, and

November 1980

a diſappointment to me is the greateſt of Miſeries; and then, Madam, I truſt you will be convinc'd of this neceſſity there is of your Life and Health, ſince Heaven it ſelf appears ſo much concern'd in it, as to reſtore it by a Miracle: And, truly, had you been ſtill in danger, I ſhould have look'd upon that as more ominous than the Blazing-ſtar, ſo much diſcours'd of; but you are one of thoſe extraordinary Bleſſings which are the Publick Concernments, and are, I truſt, reſerv'd to be yet many Years an Example of Honour and Ornament to Religion.

Oh, Madam, I have abundance to tell you and ask you, and if you will not haſten to hear it, you will be almoſt as cruel as *Arſaces*; but you will come, and, if you find any thing in this Letter that ſeems to queſtion it, impute it to the continual diſtruſt of my own Merit, which will not permit me eaſily to believe my ſelf favoured: Dear Madam, if you think me too timerous, confute me by the welcome Experiment of your Company, which, really, I perpetually long for, and again beg, as you love me, and claim as you would have me be-

believe it; I am glad your Ladiſhip has pitch'd on a place ſo near me, you ſhall be ſufficiently perſecuted with *Orinda*. I know you will pardon me, for not acquainting you with the News you heard from other hands, when I tell you, there is nothing of it true, and the Town is now full of very different Diſcourſe; but I ſhall tell you more particularly, when I have the honour to ſee you; and, till then, cannot with conveniency do it. I eaſily believe *Dous* factious; but, in thoſe Diſputes, I think he diſcovers more Wit than Wiſdom, and your Ladiſhip knows they are inſeparable; I ſhall loſe the Poſt, if I do not now haſten to ſubſcribe, what I am always ready to make good, that I am more than any one living,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt Faithful

Decemb. 30. 1658. *and moſt Paſſionate*

Friend and Servant,

ORINDA.

To the Honourable Berenice.

WIth the greateſt Joy and Confuſion in the World, I received, *Dear Madam*, your Ladiſhip's moſt obliging Letter from *Kew*, and thus far I am reconcil'd to my own Omiſſions, that they have produc'd a Shame which ſerves me now to allay a Tranſport, which had otherwiſe been exceſſive at the knowledge that I am to receive, that notwithſtanding all my Failings, you can look upon me with ſo generous a Concern: I could make many Apologies for myſelf, and with truth tell you, That I have ventured Papers to kiſs your Ladiſhip's Hand, ſince I receiv'd one from it, but really, *Madam*, I had rather owe my reſtitution wholly to your Bounty, than ſeem to have any pretence to it myſelf, and I will therefore allow myſelf utterly unworthy of having any room in your Thoughts, in that I have not perpetually begg'd it of you, with that Aſſiduity as is ſuitable to ſo great and ſo valu'd a Bleſſing; and I know that tho' a Sea have divi-

divided our Perſons, and many other Accidents made your Ladiſhip's Reſidence uncertain to me, yet I ought to have been reſtleſs in my Enquiries how to make my approaches to you; and all the Varieties and Wandrings and Troubles that I have undergone ſince I had the honour to ſee your Ladiſhip, ought not to have diſtracted me one moment from the payment of that Devotion to you, which, if you pleaſe, I will ſwear never to have been one jot leſſen'd in my Heart, as ill and as ſeldom as I have expreſs'd it; but now, that my good Fortune has brought me once more ſo near your Ladiſhip, I hope to redeem my Time, by ſo conſtant and fervent Addreſſes to you, as ſhall both witneſs how unalterably I have ever lov'd and honour'd you, and how extreamly glad I am ſtill to be preſerved in ſo noble and ſo priz'd a Heart as yours; and, that I may the ſooner be ſecur'd of that and reſtor'd to your Converſe, I muſt beg your Ladiſhip to find ſome occaſion that may bring you to *London*, where I may caſt myſelf at your Feet, both in repentance of my own *Faults*, and acknowledgment of your *Goodneſs*, and aſſure you that neither *Lucaſia*, nor any other Perſon, ever had the Will, the

Power, or the Confidence to hinder the Juſtice of my moſt affectionate Service to your Ladiſhip, and though you fright me with telling me how much you have conſidered me of late, yet I will venture upon all the Severity that Reflection can produce; and if it be as great as I may reaſonably fear, yet I will ſubmit to it for the Expiation of my Failings, and think myſelf ſufficiently happy if after any Pennance you will once more receive me into your Friendſhip, and allow me to be that ſame *Orinda*, whom with ſo much goodneſs you were once pleaſed to own as moſt faithfully yours, and who have ever been, and ever will be ſo; and, Dear dear Madam,

Your Ladiſhip's
moſt affectionate
humble Servant and Friend,

K. Phillips.

This was wrote but a Month before *Orinda* died.

To Mr. Herbert.

I Receiv'd your two Letters againſt *Hypocriſie* and *Love*, but I muſt tell you, they have made me no Convert from, Women, and their Favourite; for who like *Simonides*, wou'd give nine ſcandalous Origins to Womankind, for one good one, meerly becauſe the Follies and Vices of that Sex deſerve it, and yet hope ever to make your account of them? or who, with *Petronius Arbiter*, would tell the Lawyers,

Quid faciunt Leges ubi ſola pecunia regnat?
Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla poteſt,
Ipſi qui Cynica traducunt tempora cena,
Nonnunquam Nummis vendere verba ſolent,
Ergo judicium, nihil eſt niſi publica Merces
Atq; eques in cauſa qui ſedet empta probat.

Thus *Engliſh'd* by Mr. *Barnaby.*

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Power;
The Cauſe is bad when e'er the Client's Poor:
Thoſe

Thoſe ſtrict-liv'd Men that ſeem above our World,
Are oft too modeſt to reſiſt our Gold.
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is ſold,
And the Grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the Cauſe.

That the Bar is but a Market for the Sale of Right, and that the Judge ſits there only to confirm what the Bribe had ſecur'd before, and yet hope ever to eſcape when you come into their Hands? Or what Man that has his Intereſt before his Eyes wou'd tell this dangerous Truth, *That Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame?*

No, no, Plain-dealing muſt be left to *Manly*, and confin'd to the Theatre, and permit *Hypocriſie* and *Nonſence* to prevail with thoſe pretty Amuſements, Women, that like their own Pleaſure too well, to be fond of Sincerity. You declaim againſt Love on the uſual Topicks, and have ſcarce any thing new to be anſwer'd by me, their profeſs'd Advocate, if by Repentance you mean the Pain that accompanies Love; all other Pleaſures are mixt with

with that, as well as Love, as *Cicero* obſerves in his ſecond Book *de Oratore*, *Omnibus rebus, voluptatibus maximis faſtidium finitimum eſt: In all things where the greateſt Pleaſures are found, there borders a ſatiety and uneaſie pain*: And *Catullus*, *Non eſt dea neſcia noſtri, quæ dulcem curis miſcet amaritiem: Nor am I unknown to that bright Goddeſs, who with my Cares mingles a ſweet pleaſing Bitter.* But I take this pain in Love to proceed from the imperfection of our Union with the Object belov'd, for the Mind forms a thouſand entrancing Idea's, but the Body is not capable of coming up to that ſatisfaction the Mind propoſes; but this Pain is in all other Pleaſures that we have, none of which afford that fulneſs of Pleaſure, as Love, which bears ſome proportion to the vehemence of our Deſires: Speak therefore no more againſt Love, as you hope to die in the Arms of *Sylvia*, or not periſh wretchedly in the Death of a Pumpkin. I am

Your Friend, &c.

LET-

LETTERS
BY
Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

To C. G. *Esq*; *in* Covent-Garden.

MAy I be forced to turned Newsmonger for a wretched Subsistence, and beat up fifty Coffee-houses every Morning, to gather Scraps of Intelligence, and fatherless Scandal; or, (to Curse my self more emphatically) may I live the restless Life of some gay younger Brother's starving Footman of the *Temple*, who, between his Master's Debts and Fornication, visits once a Day half the Shopkeepers in *Fleet-street*, and half the Whores in *Drury-lane*, if I am not

not as utterly weary of hunting after you any longer, as ever Stateſman was of ſerving the Publick, when the Publick forgot to bribe his private Intereſt. Shou'd I but ſet down how many tireſome Leagues I have travell'd, how often I have ſhot all the City-gates, croſs'd *Lincolns-inn Fields*, paſs'd the two Tropicks of the *Old* and *New Exchange*, and doubled the Cape of *Covent-garden* Church to ſee you, I ſhou'd grow more voluminous than *Coryat*, and you'd fancy yourſelf, without doubt, engaged in *Purchaſe*'s or *Hackluyt*'s Itineraries. As you are a Perſon of half Buſineſs and half Pleaſure, (which the Wiſe ſay, is the beſt Compoſition in the World) I have conſider'd you in your two Capacities, and order'd my Viſits accordingly. Sometimes I call'd upon you betimes in a Morning, when nothing was to be met in the Streets, but grave Tradeſmen, ſtalking in their Slippers to the next Coffee-houſe; Midnight-drunkards, reeling home from the *Roſe*; induſtrious Harlots, who had been earning a Penny over Night, tripping it on foot to their Lodgings; Ragmen, picking up Materials for *Grubſtreet*; in ſhort, nothing but

November 1980

but Bailiffs, Chimney-ſweepers, Cinderwomen, and other People of the ſame early Occupations, and yet, as my ill Stars contriv'd it, you were ſtill gone out before me. At other times I have call'd at Four in Afternoon, the Sober Hour, when other diſcreet Gentlemen were but newly up, and dreſſing to go to the Play; but to as little purpoſe as in the Morning. Then, towards the Evening, I have a hundred times examin'd the Pit and Boxes, the Chocolate-houſes, the Taverns, and all places of publick reſort, except a Church, (and there, I confeſs, I cou'd no more expect to meet you, than a right *Beau* of the laſt *Paris* Edition in the *Bear-garden*) but ſtill I failed of you every where, tho' ſometimes you 'ſcaped me as narrowly as a Quibble does ſome merry Stateſmen I cou'd name to you. Is it not ſtrange, thought I to my ſelf, that every paltry Aſtrologer about the Town, by the help of a fooliſh Teleſcope, ſhou'd be able to have the Seven Planets at a Minute's warning, nay, and their very Attendants, their *Satellites* too, tho' ſome of them are ſo many hundred thouſand Miles diſtant from us, to know preciſely when they go to Bed, and what Rambles

bles they take, and yet that I with all my pains and application ſhou'd never take you in any of your *Orbits*, who are ſo conſiderably nearer to me? But, for my part, I believe a Man may ſooner find out a true Key to the *Revelations*, than diſcover your By-haunts, and ſolve every Problem in *Euclid* much eaſier than yourſelf. With all Reverence be it ſaid, Your Ways are as hard to be traced as thoſe of Heaven; and the Dean of P——, who in his late Hiſtory of Providence has explain'd all the ſeveral *Phænomena's* of it, but his own Converſions, is the fitteſt Perſon I know of in the World to account for your Eclipſes. Some of your and my good Friends, (whom I need not mention to you) have croſs'd the *German* Ocean, made the *Tour* of the *Low-Countries*, ſeen the Elector of *Bavaria* and Prince *Vaudemont*, and might, if they pleas'd, have got drunk with a dozen of *German* Princes, in half the time. I have been beating the Hoof up and down *London*, to find out you; —— ſo that at laſt, after a World of mortifying Diſappointments, taking a *Martial* in my hands, I happen'd to light upon an Epigram of his, addreſs'd to *Decianus*, a very honeſt

November 1980

honeſt Gentleman it ſeems, but one that was as hard to be met with as yourſelf: And this Epigram, ſuiting my own caſe exactly, I here ſend you a Paraphraſe or Imitation of it, call it which you pleaſe.

Ne valeam, ſi non totis Deciane *Diebus.*
Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

In ſome vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small-beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot.
To ſome worſe Jilt in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient Job, *or modern* Sh—— *found,*
And with more Aches viſited, and Ills,
Than fill up Salmon's *Works or* Tilburgh's *Bills:*
If 'tis not ſtill the Burden of my Prayer,
The Day with you, with you the Night to ſhare.
But, Sir, (and the Complaint, you know, is true)
Two damn'd long Miles there lye 'twixt me and you:
And theſe two Miles, with little Calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.

You

You near Sage Will's, *the Land of Mirth and Claret,*
I live, ſtow'd up in a White-chappel *Garret;*
Oft, when I've come ſo far your Hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the ſucceeding Bliſs,
I'm told, you're gone to the Vexatious Hall,
Where, with eternal Lungs, the Lawyers bawl,
Or elſe ſtole out, a Female Friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your Service; and that's civil,
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

And now, if you are not incurably loſt to all ſence of Humanity, ſend me word where it is you paſs your Evenings, or in one of your beloved *Catullus*'s Expreſſions,

Demonſtres ubi ſunt tuæ tenebræ.

But if you think that too hard upon you, for I wou'd not be thought to invade your Privacies, appoint ſome common

November 1980

meeting-place, the *Grffin*, or the *Dog*, where, with two or three more ſelect Friends, we may paſs a few Hours over a Righteous Bottle of Claret. As you ever hope that Heaven will be merciful, or *Sylvia* true to you, let this happy Night be ſome time this Week.

I am your

London, June 20. 1695.

moſt obliged Servant,

T. Brown.

To

To the Perjur'd Mrs. ——

THis Morning I receiv'd the News, (which, knowing you to be a Woman, I confeſs, did not much ſtartle me) that is, ſpight of all your Promiſes, your Vows, and Obligations, nay, and in ſpight of your Intereſt too, (which you Women ſo ſeldom ſin againſt) you had ſacrificed my worthy Friend Mr. ——, and are to be married next Week to that nauſeous, that inſupportable, that everlaſting Beaſt ——. Upon which I immediately repair'd to my Friend's Lodgings, and, becauſe I knew but too well how nearly he had taken you into his Heart, I carried him to that bleſſed Sanctuary of diſappointed Lovers, a Tavern, the better to prepare him for the News of your Infidelity; I plied him warmly with the Juice of the generous Grape, and entertain'd him all the while with the moſt horrible Stories of your Sex, that my Malice cou'd ſuggeſt to me, which, Heaven be

prais'd, was fruitful enough upon this occaſion; for I don't believe I forgot one ſingle Inſtance of Female Treachery, from Mother *Eve*, of wheedling Memory, down to your virtuous ſelf. At laſt, when Matters were ripe, I diſcloſed the unwelcome Secret to him ——. He raved and wept, and, after ſome interval, wept and raved again; but, thanks to my pious Advice, and the kind Influence of t'other Bottle, it was not long before the Paroxyſm was over. I cou'd almoſt wiſh you had been by, to ſee how heroically he threw off your Chains; with what Alacrity he tore you from his Boſom; and, in fine, with what a Chriſtian Self-denial he renounc'd you; more heartily, I dare ſwear, than his Godfather abjur'd the Devil for him at his Baptiſm.

And now, Madam, tho' I confeſs you have prevented my Curſes, by your choice of ſuch a Coxcomb, and 'tis not good Manners to ſolicite a Judgment from Heaven on every ſuch Accident at this, (for Providence wou'd have a fine time on't, to be at the expence of a Thunderbolt, for every Woman that forſwears her-

herſelf) yet ſo much do I reſent the ill uſage of my Friend, that I cannot forbear to give you this conviction, how earneſtly I can pray, when I ſet my ſelf to't. Therefore give me leave, Madam, to throw theſe hearty Ejaculations at your Head, now, ſince I ſhall not have the honour to throw a Stocking at you on the fatal Night of Conſummation.

May the Brute, your Husband, be as Jealous of you, as Uſurpers are of their new Subjects, and, to ſhew his good opinion of your Judgment as well as your Virtue, may he ſuſpect you of a Commerce with nothing of God's making; nothing like a Gentleman that may ſerve to excuſe the Sin, but lowſie Buſh-begotten Vagabonds, and hideous Rogues in Rags and Tatters, or Monſters that ſtole into the World, when Nature was aſleep, with Ulcers all over them, and Bunches on their Backs as large as Hillocks. May you never actually Cuckold him, (for that were to wiſh you ſome Pleaſure, which, God knows, I am far from being guilty of) but what will ſerve to torment him as effectually: May the Wretch imagine, you've injur'd

November 1980

him that way; under which prepoſſeſſion may he never open his Mouth, but to Curſe, nor lift up his Hands, but to Chaſtiſe you. May that execrable Day be for ever baniſhed out of the *Almanack*, in which he does not uſe his beſt endeavours to beat one into your Bones; and may you never go to Bed without an apprehenſion that he'll cut your Throat: May he too have the ſame diſtruſt of you. Thus may your Nights be ſpent in Eternal Quarrels, and your Nuptial-ſheets boaſt of no honourable Blood but what's owing to theſe Nocturnal Skirmiſhes. May he lock you up from the ſight of all Mankind, and leave you nothing but your ill Conſcience to keep you company, till at laſt, between his penurious allowance and the ſenſe of your own guilt, you make ſo terrible a Figure, that the worſt Witch in *Mackbeth* wou'd ſeem an Angel to you. May not even this diſmal Solitude protect you from his Suſpicions, but may ſome good-natured Devil whiſper into his Ear, That you have committed Wickedneſs with a Bedſtaff, and, in one of his frantick Fits, may he beat out your Brains with that ſuppoſed Inſtrument of your Luſt. May your Hiſtory

ſtory be tranſmitted to all Ages in the Annals of *Grubſtreet*, and, as they fright Children with *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*, may your Name be quoted to deter People from committing of Matrimony. And, to ratifie all this, (upon my Knees, I moſt devoutly beg it) may Heaven hear the Prayers of,

T. Brown.

To the Honourable—— in the Pall-mall.

SIR,

LAst Night I had the following Verſes, which, for my part, I confeſs, I never ſaw before, given me by a Gentleman, who aſſur'd me they were written by my late Lord *Rocheſter*; and, knowing what a *juſt* Value you have for all the Compoſitions of that *incomparable* Perſon, I was reſolv'd to ſend 'em to you by the firſt opportunity. 'Tis indeed very ſtrange how they could be continued in private hands all this while, ſince the great care that has been taken to print every Line of his Lordſhip's Writing that would endure a publick view: But I am not able to aſſign the Reaſon for it. All that you need know concerning the occaſion of them, is, that they were written in a Lady's Prayer-book.

Fling

Fling this uſeleſs Book away,
And preſume no more to pray;
Heav'n is juſt, and can beſtow
Mercy on none but thoſe that mercy ſhow.
With a proud Heart, maliciouſly inclin'd,
Not to encreaſe, but to ſubdue Mankind.
In vain you vex the Gods with your Petition;
Without Repentance and ſincere Contrition,
You'r in a Reprobate Condition.
Phillis, *to calm the angry Powers,*
And ſave my Soul as well as yours,
Relieve poor Mortals from Deſpair,
And Juſtifie the Gods that made you fair;
And in thoſe bright and charming Eyes
Let Pity firſt appear, then Love;
That we by eaſie ſteps may riſe
Through all the Joys on Earth, to thoſe Above.

I cannot ſwear to their being genuine; however, there's ſomething ſo delicate in the Thought, ſo eaſie and beautiful in the Expreſſion, that I am without much difficulty to be perſwaded, that they belong to my Lord. Beſides, I cannot imagine with what proſpect any Gentleman

November 1980

tleman ſhould diſown a Copy of Verſes which might have done him no ill Service with the Ladies, to father them upon his Lordſhip, whoſe Reputation was ſo well eſtabliſh'd among them beforehand, by a numerous and lawful Iſſue of his own begetting. The Song that comes along with them was written by Mr. *Gl*—of *Lincoln's-Inn*; and, I believe, you'll applaud my Judgment, for ſeeking to entertain you out of my Friend's Store, who underſtands the Harmony of an Engliſh Ode ſo well, ſince I have nothing of mine own that deſerves tranſcribing.

I.

Phillis *has a gentle Heart,*
Willing to the Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all the Art,
To direct her in her Sporting:
In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiſs,
All is real Inclination;
No falſe Raptures in the Bliſs;
No feign'd Sighings in the Paſſion.

II.

But, oh! who the Charms can ſpeak,
Who the thouſand ways of toying,
When ſhe does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying? Who

Who the Limbs that round him move,
And conſtrain him to the Bliſſes?
Who the Eyes that Swim in Love,
Or the Lips that ſuck in Kiſſes?

III.

Oh the Freaks, when mad ſhe grows,
Raves all wild with the poſſeſſing!
Oh the ſilent Trance! which ſhows
The Delight above expreſſing.
Every way ſhe does engage,
Idly talking, ſpeechleſs lying:
She tranſports me with the Rage,
And ſhe kills me in her Dying.

I could not but laugh at one Paſſage in your Letter, where you tell me, That you, and half a dozen more, had like to have been talk'd to death t'other day, by —— upon the Succeſs of his late Play. For my part, I don't pity you at all; for why, the Devil ſhould a Man run his Head againſt a Brick-wall, when he may avoid it? On the other hand, I wonder why you Gentlemen of *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, who pretend to ſtudy Pleaſure above other People, ſhould not as naturally ſcamper out of the Room when your Perſecuter appears, as Monſieur *Miſſon* tells us, the

the Dogs in *Italy* ran out of Church as ſoon as ever they ſee a *Capuchin* mount the Pulpit. I find by you, that the abovementi-on'd everlaſting *Babillard* plagued you with his Songs, and talked of outdoing *Don Quixot* of Melodious Memory; ſo far I a-gree with him, that if he has any Genious, it lies wholly in Sonnet. But (Heaven be prais'd) notwithſtanding all the feeble Ef-forts of his Enemies to depoſe him, Mr. *D'Urfey* ſtill continues the only Legal, Rightful and Undoubted King of *Lyric-land*, whom God grant long to Reign over all his Hamlets, and may no *Gallic* At-tempts againſt his Crown or Perſon ever proſper. So wiſhes

Your moſt obliged Servant,

T. Brown.

To

To My Lady——

I Found a Letter of your Ladiſhip's own Hand left for me laſt Night at my Lodgings. This Morning a Porter viſited me with another of the ſort, and juſt now going to dine with ſome Friends at the *Blew-poſts*, you ſend me a third to refreſh my Memory. I vow to God, *Madam*, if you continue to draw your Bills ſo faſt upon me, I muſt be forc'd to proteſt them in my own defence, or fly my Country. But, with ſubmiſſion, methinks the Language of all three was very ſurprizing: You complain of my abſence, and coldneſs, and the Lord knows what, tho' 'tis but four days ago ſince I gave you the beſt convictions of my Love I cou'd, and you flatter'd me ſtrangely, if you were not ſatisfied with them: May I be as unacceptable to all Womankind as an old Eunuch with *Jo. Haynes*'s Voice, if there's a Perſon in the Univerſe whom I adore above yourſelf; but the devouteſt Lover upon Earth may ſometimes be with-

without an Offering, and then certainly he's excuſed by all Love's Cannon-Law in the World, for not coming to the *Altar*. There are People I know that love to hear the rattling of the Boxes, and ſhow themſelves at the Groom-Porter's, when they have not a Farthing in their Pockets; but for my part, I cou'd never endure to be an idle Looker on. I have a thouſand Obligations to your Ladiſhip, and till I am in a capacity to repay them, ſhou'd be as uneaſy to ſee you, as any other Creditor when I have no Money to ſend him going. I am ſo very honeſt in my own nature, that I wou'd not put you off with half Payments, and if I were not, your Ladiſhip is ſo diſcerning, that I might much eaſier palm clipt Mony upon a Jew, than ſucceed in ſuch a trick with ſo nice a Judge. Perhaps, Madam, you are ſcrupulous in this matter even to a Fault. 'Tis not enough for you, that your Mony is Parliamentary, and that other People wou'd be glad on't, for if it is not of the largeſt ſize, or wants one grain of its due weight, you reject it with indignation. But, what is the hardeſt caſe of all, (and you muſt pardon me, Madam, if I take this occa-

occaſion to reproach you with it) you are for engroſſing a Man's whole Caſh to your ſelf, and, by your good will, wou'd not leave him one ſolitary Teſtar to diſtribute among the Needy elſewhere, tho' you don't know what Objects of Charity he may meet abroad. This, in truth, is very ſevere uſage: 'Tis the ſame as if the Government ſhou'd only take care to pay off the Soldiers in *Flanders*, and ſuffer the poor Seamen to ſtarve. Even the Royal-Oak Lottery, who are fit to be imitated by you in this particular, never ſtrip a Man intirely of all, but let him march off decently with a Crown or two to carry him home. If this Example won't work upon you, pray learn a piece of Tartarian-mercy; they are none of the beſt bred People in the World, I confeſs, but are ſo civil when they come to a place, not to Eat out the Heart of the Soil, but, having ſerv'd a preſent turn, ſhift their Quarters, and forbear to make a ſecond Viſit till the Graſs is grown up again. Nay, a Nonconformiſt Parſon, who is a kind of a rambling Church Tartar, but of the worſer ſort, after he has grazed a beloved Text as bare as the back of one's Hand, is glad for

for his own convenience, to remove to another. Both theſe Inſtances, you'll ſay, look as if I adviſed you to ſupply my defect in another place; I leave that to your own diſcretion, but really your humble Servant's preſent Exigences are ſuch, that he muſt be forced to ſhut up his Exchequer for ſome time.

I have a hundred times wiſhed, That thoſe unnatural Rogues, the Writers of Romances, had been all hanged, (*Montague* before me did the ſame for the Statuaries) for giving you, Ladies, ſuch wrong Notions of things. By repreſenting their Heroes ſo much beyond Nature, they put ſuch extravagant Idea's into your Heads, that every Woman, unleſs ſhe has a very deſpicable Opinion of her own Charms, which not one in a Million has, expects to find a Benefit-Ticket, a *Pharamond*, or an *Oroondates*, to come up for her ſhare, and nothing below ſuch a Monſter will content her. You think the Men cou'd do infinitely more, if they pleaſed; and, as 'tis a fooliſh Notion of the *Indians*, that the Apes wou'd ſpeak, if it were not for fear of being made Slaves to the *Spaniards*; ſo you, forſooth, imagine,

gine, that we, for ſome ſuch reaſon, are afraid of going to the full length of our Abilities. We cannot be ſo much deceived in our hopes of your Conſtancy, as you are diſappointed in our Performances; ſo that 'twere happy for the World, I think, if Heaven wou'd either give us the Vigour of thoſe Brawny long-liv'd Fellows, our Anceſtors, or elſe abridge the Deſires of the Women: But, Madam, don't believe a word, that thoſe Romance Writers, or their Brethren in Iniquity, the Poets tell you. The latter prate much of one *Hercules*, a Plague take him, that run the Gantlet through fifty Virgin-ſiſters in one Night. 'Tis an impudent Fiction, Madam. The Devil of a *Hercules*, that there ever was upon the Face of the Earth, (let me beg of you therefore, not to ſet him up for a Knight of the Shire, to repreſent the reſt) or, if part of his Hiſtory is true, he was a downright Madman, and proſper'd accordingly; for you know he died raving and impenitent upon a Mountain. Both he and his whole Family have been extinct theſe two thouſand Years and upwards. Some Memoirs tell us, That the Country roſe upon them, and diſpatch'd them all

November 1980

in a Night, as the *Glencow*-men were ſerved in *Scotland.* I wont juſtifie the truth of this; but, after you have tried the whole Race of us, one after another, if you find one Man that pretends to be related to this *Hercules*, tho' at the diſtance of a Welch Genealogy, let me die the Death of the Wicked.

Therefore, Madam, take my Advice, and I'll engage you ſhall be no loſer by it. If your Neceſſities are ſo preſſing, that you can't ſtay, you muſt e'n borrow of a Neighbour; ſince *Cheapſide* fails you, a God's Name, try your Fortune in *Lombard-ſtreet.* But if you cou'd order Matters otherwiſe, and allow me a Week or ſo longer, to make up my Sum, you ſhou'd then be repaid with Intereſt, by

LYSANDER.

A Conſolatory Letter to an Eſſex-*Divine upon the Death of his Wife.*

OLD FRIEND,

A Gentleman, that lives in your Neighbourhood, told me this Morning, after we had had ſome ſhort Diſcourſe about you, that you have buried your Wife. You and I, Doctor, knew one another, I think, pretty well at the College; but being abſolutely a ſtranger to your Wife's Perſon and Character, the Old Gentleman in Black take me, if I know how to behave my ſelf upon this occaſion; that is to ſay, whether to be Sad or Merry; whether to Condole, or Congratulate you. But, ſince I muſt do one or t'other, I think it beſt to go on the ſurer ſide; And ſo, Doctor, I give you Joy of your late great Deliverance. You'll ask me, perhaps, why I choſe this Party? To which I ſhall only reply, That your Wife was a Woman; and 'tis an hundred to one that I have hit on the

right. But if this won't ſuffice, I have Argument to make uſe of, that you can no more anſwer, than you can confute *Bellarmine*. I don't mean the Popiſh Cardinal of that Name, (for, I believe, you have oftner laid him upon his Back, than Mrs. *Mary*, deceaſed) but an ungodly Veſſel holding about ſix Gallons, which, in ſome Parts of *England*, goes by another Name (the more's the pity 'tis ſuffer'd) and is call'd, a *Jeroboam*.—— And thus I urge it. —— Mrs. *Mary*, defunct, was either a very good, or a very bad, or an indifferent, a between Hawk and Buzzard Wife; tho' you know the Primitive Chriſtians, for the four firſt Ages of the Church, were all of Opinion, that there were no indifferent Wives; however, *diſputandi gratia*, I allow them here. Now, if ſhe was a good Wife, ſhe's certainly gone to a better place; and then St. *Jerome*, and St. *Auſtin*, and St. *Ambroſe*, and St. *Baſil*, and, in ſhort, a whole Cart-load of *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers (whom 'tis not your Intereſt, by any means, to diſoblige) ſay poſitively, That you ought not to grieve. If ſhe was a bad one, your Reaſon will ſuggeſt the ſame to you, without

out going to Councils and Schoolmen. So now it only remains upon my hands to prove, that you ought not to be concern'd for her Death, if ſhe was an indifferent Wife; and Publick Authority having not thought fit as yet, to oblige us to mourn for Wives of that denomination, it follows, by the Doctrin of the Church of *England*, about things indifferent, that you had better let it alone, for fear of giving Scandal to weak Brethren.

Therefore, Doctor, if you'll take my Advice, in the firſt place, Pluck up a good Heart; ſecondly, Smoak your Pipe, as you uſed to do; thirdly, Read moderately; fourthly, Drink plentifully; fifthly and laſtly, When you are diſtributing Spoon-meat to the People next Sunday from your Pulpit, caſt me a Hawk's Eye round your Congregation, and, if you can, ſpy out a Farmer's Daughter plump and juicy, one that's likely to be a good Breeder, and whoſe Father is of ſome Authority in the Pariſh, (becauſe that may be neceſſary for the Support of Holy Church) ſay no more, but pelt her with Letters, Hymns and Spiritual Sonnets, till you have gain'd your

November 1980

Carnal Point of her. Follow this Counſel, and I'll engage your late Wife will riſe no more in your Stomach; for, by the unerring Rules of Kitchin-Phyſick, which, I am apt to think, is the beſt in all caſes, one Shoulder of Mutton ſerves beſt to drive down another. I am

Yours,

T. Brown.

To

To the fair Lucinda, *at* Epſom.

MADAM,

I Wiſh I were a Parliament-man for your ſake. Another now wou'd have wiſh'd to have been the *Great Mogul*, the *Grand Seignior*, or at leaſt ſome Soveraign Prince, but you ſee I am no ambitious Perſon, any farther than I aſpire to be in your good Graces. Now, if you ask me the Reaſon, why I wiſh to be ſo; 'tis neither to bellow my ſelf into a good Place at Court, nor to avoid paying my Debts; 'tis to do a Publick Service to my Country, 'tis to put the fam'd *Magna Charta* in force: In ſhort, Madam, 'tis to get a Bill paſs, whereby every pretty Woman in the Kingdom, (and then I am ſure you'll be included in it) ſhou'd under the ſevereſt Penalties imaginable, be prohibited to appear in publick without her Mask on. I have often wonder'd, why our Senators flatter us with being a free People, and pretend they have done ſuch mighty things to ſecure our Liberty, when

we are openly plunder'd of it by the Ladies, and that in the Face of the Sun, and on His Majeſty's Highway. I am a ſad Inſtance, Madam, of this Truth. I that, but twelve Hours ago, was as free as the wildeſt Savage in either *Indies*, that Slept eaſily, Talk'd cheerfully, took my Bottle merrily, and had nothing to rob me of one Minute's Pleaſure, now love to be alone, make Anſwers when no Body ſpeaks to me; Sigh when I leaſt think on't; and, tho' I ſtill drag this heavy lifeleſs Carcaſe about me, can give no more account of my own Movements, than of what the two Armies are doing this very moment in *Flanders*. By all theſe wicked Symptoms, I terribly ſuſpect I am in Love. If that is my caſe, and *Lucinda* does not prove as Merciful as ſhe is Charming, the Lord have Mercy on poor

MIRTILLO.

To

To the ſame at London.

MADAM,

AT laſt, but after a tedious Enquiry, I have found out your Lodgings in Town, and am pleas'd to hear you're kept by ——— who, according to our laſt Advices from *Lombard-ſtreet*, is Rich and Old, two as good Qualities as a Man cou'd deſire in a Rival: May the whole World (I heartily wiſh it) conſent to pay Tribute to all your Conveniences, nay, to your Luxury; while I, and none but I, have the honour to adminiſter to your Love. Don't tell me your Obligations to him won't give you leave to be complaiſant to a Stranger. You are his Sovereign, and 'tis a ſtanding Rule among us Caſuiſts, that under that capacity you can do him no wrong. But you imagine he loves you, becauſe he preſents you with ſo many fine Things: After this rate, the moſt impotent Wretches wou'd be the greateſt Lovers; for none are found to bribe Heaven or Wo-

Women ſo high, as thoſe that have the moſt defects to attone for. You may take it for granted, that half the Keeping-Drones about the Town, do it rather to follow the Mode, or to pleaſe a vain Humour, than out of Love to the Party they pretend to admire ſo, and this fooliſh Affectation attends them in other things. I cou'd tell you of a certain Lord, that keeps a Chaplain in his Houſe, and allows him plentifully, yet this Noble Peer is a rank Atheiſt in his Heart, and believes nothing of the matter: I know another, that has a fine Stable of Horſes; and a third, that values himſelf upon his great Library, yet one of them rides out but once in half a Year, and t'other never looked on a Book in all his Life. Admit your City-Friend loved you never ſo well, yet he's old, which is an incurable Fault, and looking upon you as his Purchaſe, comes with a Secure, that is with a ſickly Appetite; while a vigorous Lover, ſuch as I am, that has honourable Difficulties to paſs through, that knows he's upon his good Behaviour, and has nothing but his Merits to recommend him, is nothing but Rapture, and Extaſie, and Devotion.

But

But oh, you are afraid it will come to Old-Limberham's Ears; that is to ſay, You apprehend I ſhall make Diſcoveries; for 'tis not to be ſuppoſed you'll turn Evidence againſt yourſelf. Prithee, Child, don't let that frighten you. Not a bribed Parliament-man, nor a drubb'd Beau, nor a breaking Tradeſman; nay, to give you the laſt ſatisfaction of my Secreſie, not a Parſon that has committed Simony, nor a forraging Author that has got a private Stealing-place, ſhall be half ſo ſecret, as you'll find me upon this occaſion. I'll always come the back-way to your Lodgings, and that in the Evening, with as much prudent religious Caution, as a City Clergyman ſteals into a Tavern on Sundays; and tho' it be a difficult Leſſon for Fleſh and Blood to practiſe, yet, to convince you, Madam, how much I value your Reputation, above my own Pleaſure, I'll leave you a Mornings before Scandal it ſelf is up; that is, before any of the cenſorious Neighbourhood are ſtirring. If I ſee you in the Street, or at the Play-houſe, I'll know you no more, than two Sharpers, that deſign to bob a Country-fellow with a dropp'd Guinea, know one another when they meet in the Ta-

November 1980

Tavern. I'll not diſcover my Engagements with you by any Overt-acts of my Loyalty, ſuch as Drinking your Health in all Companies, and Writing your Name in every Glaſs-window, nor yet betray you by too ſuperſtitious a Care to conceal the Intrigue.

Thus, Madam, I have anſwered all the Scruples that I thought cou'd affect you upon this Matter. But, to ſatisfie your Conſcience farther, I am reſolved to viſit you to Morrow-night; therefore muſter up all the Objections you can, and place them in the moſt formidable poſture, that I may have the Honour to attack and defeat them. If you don't wilfully oppoſe your own Happineſs, I'll convince you, before we part, that there's a greater Difference than you imagine, between your Man of Phlegm, and ſuch a Lover as,

MIRTILLO.

To

To W. Knight, *Eſq*; *at* Ruſcomb *in* Berkſhire.

Dear SIR,

YOu deſir'd me, when I ſaw you laſt, to ſend you the News of the Town, and to let you ſee how punctually I have obey'd your Orders, ſcarce a Day has paſs'd over my Head ſince, but I have been enquiring after the freſheſt Ghoſts and Apparitions for you, Rapes of the neweſt date, dexterous Murders, and fantaſtical Marriages, Country Steeples demoliſh'd by Lightning, Whales ſtranded in the North, *&c.* a large Account of all which you may expect when they come in my way, but at preſent be pleas'd to take up with the following News.

On *Tueſday* laſt, that walking piece of Engliſh Mummy, that Sybil incarnate, I mean my Lady *Courtall*, who has not had one Tooth in her Head, ſince King *Charles*'s Reſtauration, and looks old enough to paſs for Venerable *Bede's* Grandmother, was Married —— Cou'd you believe

lieve it?——To young *Liſanio.* You muſt know I did myſelf the Honour now and then to make her Ladiſhip a Viſit, and found that of late ſhe affected a youthful Air, and ſpruc'd up her Carcaſe moſt egregiouſly; but, the Duce take me, if I ſuſpected her of any lewd Inclinations to Marry; I thought that *Devil* had been laid in her long ago. To make my Viſits more acceptable, I us'd to compliment her upon her Charms and all that; where by the by, my dear Friend, you may take it for a general Rule, that the Uglier your Women are, and the Duller your Men, they are the eaſier to be flatter'd into a belief of their Beauty and Wit. I told her, ſhe was reſolv'd to act *Sampſon's* part, and Kill more People in the laſt Scene of her Life, than other Ladies cou'd pretend to do in the whole five Acts of theirs. By a certain awkard Joy, that diſplay'd itſelf all over her Countenance, and glowed even through her Cheeks of Buff, I cou'd perceive this nauſeous Incenſe was not unwelcome to her. 'Tis true, ſhe had the Grace to deny all this; and told me, I rallied her, but dedy'd it ſo, as intriguing Sparks deny they have lain with fine Women, and ſome

Wou'd-

Wou'd-be Poets deny their writing of Fatherleſs Lampoons, when they have a mind at the ſame time to be thought they did what they coldly diſown. I cou'd not but obſerve upon this, and ſeveral other occaſions, how merciful Heaven has been to us, in weaving Self-love ſo cloſely into our Natures, in order to make Life palatable. The Divines indeed arraign it as a Sin; that is, they wou'd make us more miſerable than Providence ever deſign'd us, though were it not for this very Sin, not one of them in a hundred wou'd have Courage enough to talk in publick. For my part, I always conſider'd it as the beſt Friend, and greateſt bleſſing we have, without which, all thoſe merry Farces that now ſerve to entertain us wou'd be loſt, and the World itſelf be as ſilent and melancholy as a Spaniſh Court. 'Tis this bleſſed Vanity that makes all Mankind eaſie and chearful at home, (for no Body's a Fool, or a Raſcal, or Ugly, or Impertinent in his own Eyes) that makes a Miſer think himſelf Wiſe, an affected Coxcomb think himſelf a Wit, a thriving gay Villain think himſelf a Politician, and, in ſhort, that makes my Lady *Courtall* believe herſelf agreeable. But to quit this

November 1980

this Digreſſion and purſue my Story.

On the Day abovemention'd, this dry Puſs of Quality, that had ſuch a furious longing to be Matrimonially larded, ſtole out of her Houſe with two of her Grave Companions, and never did a Country Juſtice's Oatmeal-eating Daughter of Fifteen uſe more diſcretion to be undone with her Father's Clark, or Chaplain. *Gray's Inn* Walks was the place of Rendezvous, where, after they had taken a few Turns, *Liſanio* and ſhe walked ſeparately to the Chappel, and the Holy Magician Conjur'd them into the Circle. From thence they drove home in ſeveral Coaches, Din'd together, but not a Syllable of the Wickedneſs they had committed, till towards Night, becauſe then I ſuppoſe their Bluſhes were beſt concealed, they thought fit to own all. Upon this ſome few Friends were invited, and the Fiddles ſtruck up, and my old Lady friſk'd about moſt notably, but was as much overtopp'd, and put out of Countenance, by the Young Women, as *Somerſet-houſe* with the New Buildings. Not to enter into a Detail of all that happen'd, this ruſty Gammon of Bacon at laſt was

diſhed

diſhed up between a pair of clean Sheets, ſoon after the Bridegroom follow'd, going to act *Curtius*'s Story, and leap alive into a Gulf. Let others envy his fine Equipage, and brace of Footmen, that think it worth the while; as for me, I ſhall always pity the Wretch, who, to fill his Guts at Noon, obliges himſelf to work in a Mine all Night. A poor Knight of *Alſatia*, that Dines upon good wholſome Air in the Temple-Walks, is a Prince to him.

I met *Liſanio* this Morning at the *Rain-bow*, and whether 'twas his Pride, or ill Humour, ſince Marriage, I can't tell; but he looked as grum as a Fanatick that fancies himſelf to be in the State of Grace. I have read ſomewhere, that the Great Mogul weighs himſelf once a Year, and that the Courtiers rejoyce or grieve, according as the Royal Body increaſes or diminiſhes. I wonder why ſome of our Nice Beaux that are Married, don't do the like, to know exactly what Depredations a Spouſe makes upon the Body Natural. As for *Liſanio*, I wou'd adviſe him never to do it, becauſe if he waſtes proportionably to what he has done this

November 1980

Week, a Skeleton will out-weigh him by the Year's End. But this is not half the Mortification that a Man muſt expect, who, to ſhew his Courage, ventures upon a Widow. Though he mounts the Guard every Night, and wears out his Carcaſe in her Service, till at laſt, like *Witherington*, in the Ballad, he fight's upon his Stumps, yet he's never thanked for his pains; but labours under the ſame ill Circumſtances with a King that comes after one that is depoſed, for he's ſure to be told of his Predeceſſor upon all occaſions. The ſecond Temple at *Jeruſalem*, was, without queſtion, a Noble Structure, and yet we find the old Fellows wept, and ſhook their Heads at it: Every Widow is ſo far a Jew in her Heart, that as long as the World laſts, the ſecond Houſe will fall ſhort of the Glory of the firſt. And indeed I am apt to imagine the Complaints is juſt, for a Maid and Widow are two different things; and how can it be expected that a Man ſhou'd come with the ſame Appetite to a Second-hand Diſh, as he brought with him when it was firſt ſerv'd upon the Table?

And

And now Mr. *Knight*, I am upon the Chapter of Widows, give me leave to add a word or two more. A true Widow is as ſeldom unfurniſh'd of an Excuſe to Marry again, as a true Toper is without an Argument for Drinking. Let it rain or ſhine, be hot or cold, 'tis all one, a true Son of *Bacchus* never wants a good Reaſon to puſh about the Glaſs. And ſo a Widow, if ſhe had a good Husband, thinks herſelf obliged, in meer Gratitude to Providence, to venture again; and if he was a bad one, ſhe only tries to mend her hand in a ſecond Choice. It was not ſo with the People of *Athens* and *Rome*. The former had a King that loſt his Life in their Quarrel, and they wou'd have no more, becauſe he was too good for them, as the latter, becauſe theirs was an ill one. But Common-wealths, you know, are Whymſical things. I have only one thing more to ſay before I have done, which though it looks like a Paradox at firſt ſight, yet after you have conſider'd a while upon it, I fancy you'll grant to be true: 'Tis in ſhort this, That a Man is the decay of his Vigour, when he begins to miſtruſt his Abilities, had

much better Marry a Widow than a Maid, For, as Sir *John Suckling* has long ago observed, a Widow is a sort of Quagmire, and you know the finest Racer may be as soon founder'd there, as the heaviest Dray-horse. I am

Your most obliged Servant.

T. Brown.

POSTSCRIPT.

I believe I shall see you in the Country, before you hear from me again. Lest I should come down a Barbarian *to you* Fox-hunters, *I have been learning all your noble Terms of Art for this Month; and now, God be praised, am a great* Proficient *in the* Language, *and can talk of* Dogs *and* Horses *half an Hour, without committing one* Solecism. *I have liv'd as sober too all this while as a Parson that stands* Candidate *for a Living, and with this Month's* Sobriety *in my Belly, design to do* Wonders *among you in the Country.*

To

To a Gentleman that fell deſperately in Love, and ſet up for a Beau, *in the 45th Year of his Age.*

I Never was a *Predeſtinarian* before, but now begin to think better of *Zeno* and *John Calvin* than ever, and to be convinc'd there's a *Fatality* attends us. What leſs cou'd have made —— once the Gay, the Brave, the Witty (ſix Months ago I ſhou'd have added the *Wiſe*) at the approach of *Gravity* and *Gray Hairs* forfeit his Character, fall in Love with *Traſh*, and languiſh for a *green Codling*, that ſticks ſo cloſe to the *Stem*, that he may ſooner ſhake down the *Tree*, than the *Fruit?* 'Tis true, the *fooliſh* Hours of our Lives are generally thoſe that give us the *greateſt* ſhare of *Pleaſure*, but yours is ſo extravagant, ſo unreaſonable a *Frolick*, that I wonder you don't make your Life all of a piece, and learn at theſe *Years* to jump through a *Hoop*,

and practiſe other laudable Feats of *Activity*. Oh, what a Conflict there is in your Breaſt, between *Love* and *Diſcretion!* 'Tis a motly Scene of *Mirth* and *Compaſſion*, to ſee you taking as much pains to conceal your *Paſſion* from the prying malicious *World*, as a baſhful young Sinner does to hide her *Great Belly*, and to as little purpoſe, for 'twill out.——You muſt be a *Touchwood*-Lover, forſooth, and *burn* without Blaze or Smoke. But why wou'd you feel all the *Heat*, yet want the Comforter *Light?* Such ſullen Fires may ſerve to kindle your Miſtreſs's *Vanity*, but never to warm her *Heart*. Well, *Love* I find operates with the *Grave*, like *Drink* with *Cowards*, it makes 'em moſt *valiant*, when leaſt *able*. But why's the *Hair* cut off? Can you *dock* any Years with it? Or are you the Reverſe of *Sampſon*, the *ſtronger* for *ſhaving?* If ſo, let me ſee you ſhake off theſe *Amorous Fetters* to ſhew your power. But you are *Buccaneering* for a Prize, and wou'd ſurprize a Heart under falſe *Colours*. Take my word for't, that Stratagem won't do, for the *Pinnace* you deſign upon, knows you have but a craſie *Hulk*, in ſpight of your new *Rigging* and *Careening*. Wearing of *Perukes*,

rukes, like advancing more *Standards* than there are Troops in an Army, is a ſtale *Artifice*, that rather betrays your weakneſs to the Enemy, than alarms them: For tho' powder'd *Vallancee*, like *Turkiſh Horſe-tails*, may at a diſtance make a *terrible* ſhew of Strength, yet, my dear Friend, like them too, they are but very *unſerviceable* Weapons at a *cloſe* Engagement. After all, if you're reſolved to play a *French* Trick, and wear a *Half-ſhirt* in *January*, to ſhew your Courage, have a little of the *Frenchman's Prudence* too, and line it with a Swanskin *Waſtcoat*: That is, if you muſt needs at this Age make *Love* to ſhew your *Vigour*, take care to provide ſtore of *Comforters* to ſupport your *Back*.

CONSERVATION November 1980

The Anſwer.

WEll, but hearkyou, Friend *Harry!* And do you think now that *forty* Years (if a Man ſhou'd *ever* come to it) is as *fumbling* a doting Age in *Love*, as *Dryden* ſays, it is in *Poetry?* Why then, what will become of *thee*, who haſt made ſuch *wicked Anticipations* upon thy Nature's *Revenue*, that thou art utterly *non-ſolvent* to any *Matrimonial* Expectations? Thou that in thy *Poſt-haſte* of Town-Riot and Exceſs, *overleapeſt* all the Meaſures of *Time*, and art got to be *Fifty* in Conſtitution, before thy Age writes *Thirty!* Enjoy thy acquir'd *Jubilee*, according to thy wonted *Courſe*, but be aſſur'd no Body will ever be able to enjoy thee. The Woman-*Prodigals*, feed upon *Huſks*, when they have any thing to do with thee, thou *empty'd*, *raky*, *dry Bones*. My *Rheumatical* Perſon, as ſuch, will be allow'd ſome *Moiſture*, and *Gray Heirs* only tell you, the *Sap* is gone down to the *Root*, where it *ſhou'd* be, and from whence thine

thine has been long ſince *exhauſted* into every Strumpets *Cavern* about the Suburbs; confound your *Widows*, and put your own *Farthing* Candle lighted at *both ends*, under one of their *Buſhels*, if you pleaſe: I find I have *Proweſs* enough for the beſt *Maidenhead* in Town, and reſolve to *attempt* nothing under that *honourable Difficulty*. And ſo much for the Women ——

To

CONSERVATOR November 1980

To his Honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, *at the* Bath.

My Dear DOCTOR,

I Have not writ to you theſe two Months, for which I expect to be ſeverely reprimanded by you, when you come to Town. And yet why ſhou'd you wonder at ſuch a poor Fellow as I am, for being backward in my Payments, if you conſider 'tis the Caſe of *Lombard-ſtreet*, nay of the *Bank*, and the *Exchequer* it ſelf (you ſee I ſupport myſelf by very honourable Examples) at this preſent melancholy juncture, when, with a little alteration of Mr. *Cowley*'s Words, a Man may truly ſay,

Nothing of Ready Caſh *is found,*
But an Eternal Tick *goes round.*

However, to make you ſome amends for ſo long a Delay, I come to viſit you now, like *Noah*'s Dove, with an Olive-branch in my Mouth; that is, in plain *Engliſh*,

Engliſh, I bring you News of a Peace, of a firm, a laſting, and a general Peace, (for after this merry rate our Coffee-houſe *Politicians* talk) and pray do but conſider, if 'twere only for the Pleaſure of ſuch an Amuſement, what will be the happy Effects of it.

In the firſt place, this Peace will ſoon beget good ſtore of Money, (the want of which, though we are ſinful enough in all Conſcience, is yet the moſt Crying Sin of the Nation) and this Money will naturally end in a great deal of Riot and Intemperance; and Intemperance will beget a jolly Race of brave Diſeaſes, with new Names and Titles; and then, *My dear Doctor*, you Phyſicians will have a Bleſſed Time on't.

As for the *Lawyers*, who, were it not for two or three Noble Peers, ſome of their never-failing Clergy-Friends, a few well-diſpoſed Widows, and ſtirring Sollicitors, that keep up the Primitive Diſcipline of *Weſtminſter-hall*, wou'd perfectly forget the Uſe of their Lungs, they too will ſee glorious Days again. I was told a melancholy Story t'other Day of two hopeful young Attorneys, who, upon the general Decay of their Profeſſion, were

November 1980

were glad to turn Presbyterian Divines; and that you'll ſay is a damn'd Time indeed, when Lawyers are forced to turn Peace-makers. But as the World grows richer, People will recover by degrees out of this State of Lazineſs; Law Suits will multiply, and Diſcord make as ſplendid a Figure in the Hall as ever. Headſtrong Squires will Rebel againſt their Lady Mothers, and the Church no longer connive at the abominable Sacrilege of Tythe-Pigs and Eggs converted to Lay Uſes.

And then, as for the honeſt Good-fellows of the Town, whoſe Souls have mourn'd in Secret, ever ſince the unrighteous Abdication of Claret; how will they rejoyce to ſee their old Friend ſold at Twelve-pence a Quart again? What Matter of Joy will it be to his Majeſty's Liege-people, that they can get Drunk with half the Coſt, and conſequently with half the Repentance next Morning? This will in a particular manner, revive the drooping Spirits of the City Sots; for nothing goes ſo much againſt a true *Cheapſide* Conſcience, as an expenſive Sin. As times go now, a younger Brother can hardly peep into a Tavern without

without entailing a Week's Sobriety upon himſelf; which, conſidering what Occaſions there may be to drink away the Publick and Private Calamities, is a ſad Mortification. Wine indeed is grown a ſullen Miſtreſs, that will only be enjoy'd by Men of ſome Fortune, and not by them neither, but upon ſolemn Days; ſo that if theſe wicked Taxes continue, *Canary* it ſelf, tho' a Confederate of ours, is like to meet the Fate of condemn'd Criminals, to return to the diſmal Place from whence it came, an Apothecary's Shop; and to be diſtributed about by diſcreet Nurſes in the Primitive ſneaking Gill. 'Tis true, the Parliament, as it became thoſe to whom the People had delegated their Power, thought to obviate theſe Grievances, by the Six-penny Act, and laying a Five hundred Pound Fine upon Cellar-Adultery; but the Vintners, an impudent Generation, broke through theſe Laws as eaſily as if they had been Senators themſelves; nay, had the Boldneſs to raiſe new Exactions upon the Subject: This obliged one half of the Town, at leaſt, to come down a Story lower, and take up with dull *Engliſh* Manufacture, ſo that half our Wit lies

November 1980

lies buried in execrable Flip, or fulſome *Nottingham*. To this may be aſcribed all thoſe phlegmatick, ſickly Compoſitions, that have loaded of late both the Theatres, moſt of which puny Butter-prints, like Children begot by Pockey Parents, were ſcarce able to endure the Chriſtening; and others, with mighty pains and difficulty, lived juſt long enough (a *Methuſelah*'s Age!) to be Crown'd with Damnation on the third Day. But when Money circulates merrily, and Claret is to be had at the old Price, a new Spirit will appear abroad, Wit and Mirth will ſhake off their Fetters; and *Parnaſſus*, that has made ſuch heavy returns of late Years, will trade conſiderably. It would be too tedious to reckon up all the other Advantages that the Kingdom will receive by this joyful turn of the Scene; but there are ſome behind, which I muſt not omit, becauſe the Publick is ſo nearly concern'd in them. We have a World of Married Men now, that, to ſave Charges, take St. *Paul*'s Advice in the Literal Sence, and, having Wives, live as if they had none at all, and ſo defraud both them and the Government; but upon the happy

py Arrival of Peace, they'll vigorouſly ſet their Hands to the Plough again, and the Stale Batchelors too will find Encouragement to Marry, and leave behind them a pious Race of Fools, that, within theſe Twenty Years, will be ripe to be knock'd in the Head, in defence of the Liberty of the Subject, and the Proteſtant Religion.

We hear there's ſuch a thing as New Money in the City, but it only viſits the Elect, for the Generality of People are ſuch Reprobates to the Government, that they may ſooner get God's Grace, than a Mill'd Crown-piece. To inflame our Reckoning, tho' there's ſo little Silver ſtirring in the Nation, that Dr. *Chamberlain* is in greater hopes than ever of making his Paper-project take, yet the World was never ſo unſeaſonably ſcrupulous. What an Uſurer wou'd have leap'd at in King *Charles*'s Time, our very Porters now reject; which is full as ridiculous, as if in the preſent Difficulty of raiſing Recruits, a Captain ſhou'd reſolve to take no Men but ſuch as were eight Foot high, or a Gentleman in the laſt Ebb of his Fortune, when he can ſcarcely pay for Small-beer, ſhou'd then,

and

November 1980

and never before, fall in Love with *Champagen*. The laſt Year we had Money enough, ſuch as it was, merrily Circumciſed, the Lord knows, however it made a ſhift to find us Wine and Harlots. Now 'tis all ſilenc'd, and in the room of it, (but that too, will ſoon ſuffer Circumciſion) Faith paſſes for current, and never was there a Time of more Univerſal Chalk, ſince the Apoſtolical Ages. This, among other Evils, cannot but have an ill Effect, *My dear Doctor*, upon the Gentlemen of your Profeſſion; for People at preſent, are ſo taken up with the Publick Tranſactions, or their own Loſſes, that they have no leiſure, or are ſo poor, that they have no fancy to be Sick. The Generality of thoſe that are, Chriſten a Diſtemper as they do Shipwracks in *Cornwall*, by the Name of God's Bleſſing, and tho' a Legion of Diſeaſes inveſt them, don't think it worth the while to ſend for a Phyſician to raiſe the Siege: If they do, 'tis for none of the College, 'tis for ſome Half-Crown Chirurgeon, who has cheated the World into an Opinion of his Skill, by putting Greek into his Sign, or for a Twelve-penny Seventh Son, that preaches on Horſe-

Horſeback in the Streets; but in the Caſe of Chronical Diſeaſes, *let the World rub*, is the general Language. Men put off the mending of their Bodies, as they do of ill-tenanted Cottages, till they have Money to ſpare. There's a venerable Bawd in *Covent-garden*, that had her Windows demoliſhed laſt *Shrove-Tueſday*, and ſhe won't repair them neither, till there's a General Peace.

I believe no Body in the Nation will be averſe to it, but only our Friends in Red, and theſe find their Account ſo viſibly in the continuance of the War, that if they ever pray, which, I believe, is but ſeldom, we muſt excuſe 'em if 'tis againſt that Petition, *Da pacem Domine in Diebus noſtris*. Some of 'em quitted *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and ſome abandon'd other Stations to go into the Service; and theſe upon a Change of Affairs, muſt either turn Padders upon *Apollo*'s, or the King's high Road, and either turn Authors, or *Grands Voleurs*, in their own defence. But *Paul*'s will be built in a ſhort time, and then a *Low-Country* Captain will make as buſie a Figure in the Middle Iſle, as ever his Predeceſſors did in the Days of *Ben.*

November 1980

Johnſon. Some of them may fight over the Battels of *Steenkirk* and *Landen* in Ordinaries, or demonſtrate how *Namur* was taken, by ſcaling the Walls of a *Chriſtmas* Pye; and others ſet up Fencing Schools, to inſtruct the City Youth. The latter, indeed, will act moſt naturally; for I obſerve, that when People are forc'd to change their Profeſſions, they keep to 'em as nigh as they can, tho' they act in a lower Sphere: So for inſtance, a batter'd Harlot makes a diſcreet Bawd, and a broken Cutler an excellent Grinder of Knives. As for the Poets, I believe they are the moſt indifferent Men in the Kingdom as to what happens: They have loſt nothing by the *French* Privateers ſince the Revolution; nor are like to do, if the War laſts Seven Years longer, ſo it may be ſuppoſed they will not be angry to ſee the only Calumny of their Profeſſion, I mean their Poverty made univerſal; and indeed, if to pay People with fair Words, and no Performance, be Poetical, there's more Poetry in *Grocers-hall*, than in *Parnaſſus* it ſelf.

But, *My dear Doctor*, after all this mighty Diſcourſe of a Peace, for my part,

part, I ſhou'd believe as little of it, as I do of moſt of Mr. *Aubrey*'s Apparition Stories, but that we have not Money enough to carry on this great Law Suit, much longer, (for in effect, War is no other, only you muſt Fee more Council, and give greater Bribes) and the Lord have Mercy, ſay I, on a Man that Sues, or a Prince that fights for his Right in *Forma Pauperis*. This, and nothing but this, makes me imagine we ſhall have a Peace, and not the Chriſtian Piety of one or t'other ſide. And to ſay the truth, half the Vertue in the World, if traced to the Cradle, will be found to be the lawful Iſſue of meer Neceſſity. People lay aſide their Vices, to which their Vertues ſucceed, juſt as they do their Cloaths, ſometimes when they are Unfaſhionable, but generally when they are worn Thread-bare, and will hang about them no longer. A Godly Raſcal of the City leaves off Cheating, when the World will Truſt him no longer; and a Rakehell turns Sober, when his Purſe fails, or his Carcaſe leaves him in the Lurch: And laſtly, which word, I don't doubt, ſounds as comfortably to you, as ever it did to a hungry Sinner

November 1980

in a long-winded Church; 'tis for want of more Paper, more Ink, and more Candle that I perſecute you no longer, who am

Your moſt humble Servant,

T. Brown.

To

To Mr. Raphſon, *Fellow of the* Royal Society.

I Send you by the Bearer hereof, Mr. *Aubrey*'s Book, that you have ſo much long'd to ſee: 'Tis a Collection of *Omens*, *Voices*, *Knockings*, *Apparitions*, *Dreams*, &c. which whether they are agreeable to your Syſtem of Theology, I cannot tell. And now I talk of Dreams, I have often wonder'd how they came to be in ſuch requeſt in the *Eaſt*: Whether their Imaginations in thoſe hot Countries are more rampant than ours, or whether the Prieſthood, for their own ends, cultivated this Superſtition in the People, which I am rather inclined to believe; yet 'tis certain, that Affairs of the laſt Conſequence, have been determin'd by them. An Interpreter of Dreams, was, in ſome ſort, a Miniſter of State in thoſe Nations; and an Eaſtern King cou'd no more be without one of that Profeſſion in his Court, than an *European* Prince without his Chaplain, or Confeſſor. *Homer* too, the Fa-

November 1980

ther of the *Bards*, had a great Veneration for Dreams. Ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστι. He makes them all *Jure Divino* you ſee; had he liv'd in Archbiſhop *Laud*'s Time, he cou'd not have ſaid more for Monarchy, or Epiſcopacy. If you can pardon this fooliſh Digreſſion, (for which I can plead no other Excuſe than the *Dog-days*) I have ſomething of another Nature to communicate to you, which I am confident will highly pleaſe a Gentleman of your Curioſity.

Dr. *Connor*, of the College of Phyſicians, and Fellow of the *Royal Society*, hath now Publiſhed in Latin, his *Evangelium Medici, ſeu Medicina Myſtica de Suſpenſis Naturæ Legibus, ſive de Miraculis*. He deſigns in this Book, to ſhow by the Principles of Reaſon and Phyſick, as likewiſe by Chymiſtry and Anatomy, that the natural State of any Body can never be ſo much over-turned, or the Scituation of its parts ſo extreamly alter'd, but it may be conceiv'd in our Mind. He treats of Organical Bodies, and the Human in particular: But becauſe ſome Perſons, who never gave themſelves the Trouble, to be fully informed of what he means, have been

pleas'd

pleas'd to cenſure his Undertaking as very extravagant, I have his leave to lay open his Tenets before you, who are own'd by all that know you, to be ſo great a Maſter in all parts of Learning, and chiefly the Mathematical. Now the chief Heads of the Matters that he treats of, are as follows.

I. *Of the Nature of a Body, particularly an Organical one, where the Structure and Natural State of the Human Body is explain'd.*

II. *How many ways the Natural State of the Human Body, is ſaid to have been Supernaturally alter'd.*

III. *Of the Laws of Motion, and of the three different Suſpenſions of the ſame, in order to explain all Miracles.*

IV. *How it can be conceived, that Water can be changed into Wine.*

V. *How it can be conceived, that a Human Body can be Invulnerable, Immortal, and can live for ever without Meat, as after the Reſurrection.*

VI. *How a Human Body can be conceived to be in a Fire without Burning.*

VII. *How we can conceive that an Army can paſs through the Sea without Drowning, or walk upon the Water without Sinking.*

VIII. *How it can be conceived, that a Man can have a Bloody Sweat.*

IX. *Of the different Ways a Human Body can come into the World; where is given an Account of its Generation by Concourse of Man and Woman.*

X. *How we can conceive a Human Body can be form'd of a Woman without a Man, as* Christ's.

XI. *How to conceive a Human Body to be made without Man or Woman, as* Adam's.

XII. *How to conceive a Human Body dead, some Ages since, to be brought to Life again, as in the Resurrection.*

XIII. *How many ways it cannot be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can be Intire and Alive in two Places at the same time.*

XIV. *Of the Natural State of the Soul, and its Influence upon the Body.*

XV. *Of the Supernatural, or Miraculous State of the Soul united to the Body.*

The Doctor desires, and I am sure you'll own, 'tis a very reasonable Request, that Gentlemen wou'd be pleas'd to suspend their Judgments, till they see his Reasons, which he will ingenuously submit, without any Presumption on his side, to their better Understanding. He is the more encouraged to publish his

Thoughts

Thoughts about theſe Matters, becauſe ſome of his Friends, to whom he has communicated his Reaſons, have told him, That none but ſuch as will not rightly underſtand him (and People of that Complexion, are never to be convinc'd) cou'd deny what he maintains; becauſe his Reaſons are not grounded upon any Metaphyſical Abſtract, or Hypothetical Notions, but entirely upon the viſible Structure of the Human Body. When your Affairs will permit you to come to *London*, you and I will take an Opportunity to wait upon the Doctor, who I know will give you what farther Satisfaction you can deſire.

And now, Mr. *Raphſon*, I hope you have finiſh'd in your Country Retirement, your Treatiſe *de Spatio Infinito, Reali*, which the Learned World has ſo long expected from your Hands. All your Friends here earneſtly long to ſee you in Town, and particularly my ſelf, who am

Your moſt Obliged Friend,

and Servant,

T. Brown.

TWO.

November 1980

TWO LETTERS BY Capt. *AYLOFFE.*

To the Lord North *and* Grey.

My Lord,

YOu ſeem to wonder, what ſhould be the reaſon that Men, in Matters of *Gallantry*, generally have incurr'd the Cenſure of Inconſtancy, when Women prove faithful even to an Inconveniency. One reaſon I believe is, that we hate to be long confin'd, and their Converſation ſoon palls; tho' what may be aſſigned, with greater plauſibleneſs, I think is, that thoſe very Favours a Woman grants to her Lover, increaſe and continue her Affection, but withal leſſen his. Mens Paſ-

Paſſion almoſt always extinguiſh with poſſeſſion; and what is the Parent of a Woman's Tenderneſs is the Paricide of ours: We ſeldom adore longer than we deſire, and what we aim at moſt can be conferr'd but once. In our Sex there is not that fatal diſtinction: but as a Virgin, after yielding, has diſpoſſeſs'd herſelf of that Jewel which every one was willing to have purchas'd, and only courted her for. I believe the Demonſtrations of Love from Women, are more real than ours; there being too frequently more of Vanity than Verity, more of Study than Affection in our Pretences: But it's no ſmall Wound in a Woman's Heart, that conſtrains her to ſpeak, and I really am of opinion, that ſhe can hardly love more violently, who confeſſes ſhe loves at all. A Word ſometimes drops from their Mouths, which, as it was undeſign'd, gives a clearer evidence of a growing Inclination, than all the elaborate Actions and affected Languiſhings, the greateſt part of Gallants put in practice. A lovely Face is certainly the moſt agreeable Object our Eyes can behold, and the very Sound of the Voice of one we dearly love, is beyond

November 1980

yond the ſofteſt Harmony: Yet, by I know not what Fate, I have ſeen the Juncture when both were without any effect, and this more than once. The Latitude (I fancy) which we take in our Addreſſes, makes the Impreſſion but feeble: Variety of Objects diſtracts the choice, and we conſerve our Liberty while we are pitching upon a Tyrant. The indulgence of one Woman, who is not extreamly charming, makes ſome ſort of reparation for the ſlighted Vows we vainly offer'd to a cruel Beauty. Few Men are ſo much in love, as to be Proof againſt the continued Scorn of the moſt agreeable *Phillis*: We ask to obtain, not to be deny'd; and he that can find the ſame ſatisfaction in every place, will hardly be long confin'd to any one. Not but that Women, ſpeaking generally, are not ſo perfidious as Men; and it is Injuſtice, as well as Malice, in us to treat 'em as we do. They deſerve really more than Policy will permit us to ſhew 'em they do.

Your Lordſhip's
Humble Servant,
AYLOFFE.

To

To a Friend in the Country.

YOu have now, at length, left ſcouring the Watch, and teizing the Exchange-women, bid adieu to *Bourdeaux*, and taken up with Barrel-ale. You are all the Morning galloping after a Fox; all the Evening in a ſmoaky Chimny-corner, recounting whoſe Horſe leap'd beſt, was oftener in with the Dogs, and how readily Lightfoot hit the cooling Scent, and reviv'd your drooping Spirits with a proſpect of more diverſion; which ſome Men, who think themſelves as wiſe in the enjoyment of this World, as all the Men in *Oxford-ſhire*, are pleas'd to term meer fatigue. And I believe your own Footman would not ride ſo far and ſo hard to fetch a good Dinner, as both of you do to ſee the Death of a ſtinking Beaſt. Has not the *Roſe* as good Accommodation as your *Catherine-wheel* Inn? And does not a Maſque give a more Chriſtian-like chaſe, and conclude in more ſatisfaction than the Animal you wot

November 1980

wot of? I ſaw your Letters to ſome of our Club, and laugh'd not a little at the ſtrangeneſs of your Style; it ſmelt of filthy Tobacco, and was ſtain'd with your dropping Tankard. You acquainted 'em at large with the Scituation of your Manſion-houſe; how a knot of branching Elms defended it from the North-wind; that the South-ſun gave you good Grapes, and moſt ſort of Wall-fruits; your Melons came on apace, and you had hopes of much good Fruit this Summer. After all, in *Covent-garden* Market, we can buy, in one quarter of an Hour, better Plants than your's, and richer Melons, for Groats apiece, than you have been poring over this three Months. You thank'd 'em for ſome News, that was ſo old we hardly could imagin what you meant, till *Tom*, who has all the Gazetts and Pamphlets lock'd up in his Heart, as *David* did the Commandments, diſclos'd the Myſtery to us. I pity your new State indeed: Your Gazetts are as ſtale as your Drink; which, tho' brew'd in *March*, is not broach'd till *December*. The chief Topicks of Diſcourſe, (for Converſation you have none) are Hawks, Horſes, and Hounds; every one of 'em as much

much God's Image as he that keeps 'em, and glorifies the Creator in a greater degree, and to more purpoſe. This you call a ſeaſonable retreat from the Lewdneſs of *London*, to enjoy a calm and quiet Life: Heaven knows you drink more there, and more ignoble and ungenerous Liquors than we in Town; for yours is down-right Drinking: Your Whoring I will allow ſafer, but it is meer Brutality too; there is no ſuch thing as Intrigue in all your County, which is like an exquiſite Sawce to good Meat, qualifying the Palate more voluptuouſly. Well, 'tis Six, and I muſt to the Club, whereas we will Pity your Solitude, and Drink your Proſperity, in a Cup that is worth a Stable of Horſes and a Kennel of Hounds So adieu.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

November 1980

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